

Hulitt Sculp.

Printed



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THE

(3.)

COMMITTEE:

OR, THE

Faithful *Irishman.*

A

C O M E D Y.

Written by the Honourable

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

K



L O N D O N:

Printed for the Booksellers, in Town and Country.

MDCCXXXIX.

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COMMITTEE

OF THE

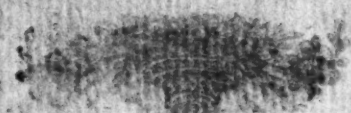
LEGISLATIVE

C O M M O



Washed by the

ROBERT T. HOW



Printed for the

NEW YORK

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PROLOGUE,

Written by Sir Samuel Tuke.

TO cheat the most Judicious Eyes, there be
Ways in all Trades, but this of Poetry:

Your Tradesman shews his Ware by some false Light,
To hide the Faults and Slightness from your Sight:
Nay, though 'tis full of Bracks, he'll boldly swear
'Tis excellent, and so help off his Ware.

He'll rule your Judgment by his Confidence,
Which in a Poet you'd call Impudence;

Nay, if the World afford the like again,
He swears he'll give it you for nothing then.

Those are Words too a Poet dares not say;

Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.

—Wou'd 'twere a pen'worth;—but in this you are

Abler to judge, than he that made the Ware:

However his Design was well enough,

He try'd to shew some newer-fashion'd Stuff.

Not that the Name Committee can be new,

That has been too well known to most of you:

But you may smile, for you have pass'd your Doom:

The Poet dares not, his is still to come.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

In Drury-Lane. In Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Colonel Careless.	Mr. Wilks.	Mr. Ryan.
Colonel Blunt.	Mr. Mills.	Mr. Quin.
Lieutenant Story.	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Diggs.
Nehemiah Catch,	} Committee-Men	
Joseph Blemish,		
Jonathan Headstrong,		
Ezekiel Scrape,		
Mr. Day, the Chairman to the Committee.	Mr. Sheppard.	Mr. Spiller.
Abel, Son to Mr. Day.	Mr. Cibber.	Mr. Bullock.
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee.	Mr. Johnson.	Mr. C. Bullock.
Teague.	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Aston.
Tavern-Boy.		
Bailiffs.		
Soldiers.		
Two Chair-Men.		
Goal-Keeper.		
Servant to Mr. Day,		
A Stage-Coachman.		
Bookseller.	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Egerton.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Arbella.	Mrs. Horton.	Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. Day.	Mrs. Baker.	Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. Ruth.	Mrs. Oldfield.	Mrs. Bullock.
Mrs. Chat.	Mrs. Willis.	Mrs. Gulick.

SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE COMMITTEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Day, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Colonel Blunt, and a Stage-Coachman.

Mrs. Day enters, brushing her Hoods and Scarves.

Mrs. DAY.

[Mrs. Day enters, brushing her Hoods and Scarves.]
O W, out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better travelling in the Winter; especially for us of the better sort, that ride in Coaches. And yet, to say Truth, warm Weather is both pleasant and comfortable. 'Tis a thousand pities that fair Weather should do any Hurt. Well said, honest Coachman, thou hast done thy Part. My Son, *Abel* paid for my Place at Reading, did he not?
Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more than ordinary Thinness. — Plague on this new Gentry, how liberal they are. *[Aside.]* Farewell, young Mistress; farewell, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by Reading, let *Toby* carry you. *[Exit Coachman.]*

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Mrs. Arbella? What, sad? why, what's the Matter?

A 4

Arbel.

8 The COMMITTEE: Or

Arb. I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my Honour, you need not be so. I knew as much as I. Well. — I'll tell you one thing, you are well enough; you need not fear, who is so cunning as I told you so. — if you do not hurt your self: for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an Eye, that my Son *Abel* means to take care of you in your Composition, and will needs have you his Guest: *Rush* and you shall be Bed-fellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a Time will, with his Sister's Place; or else his Father ne'er got him: though I say it, that I should not say it, yet I do say it—'tis a notable Fellow. —

Arb. I am fallen into strange Hands, if they prove as busy as her Tongue. — [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. And now you talk of this same *Abel*, I tell you but one Thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's chief Clerk *Obadiab* is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my Son *Abel* has been here two Hours before us: 'Tis the veriest Princox; he will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his Appearances: He never stole this Trick of galloping; his Father was just such another before him, and would gallop with the best of 'em: He and Mistress *Buse's* Husband were counted the best Horsemen in *Bradley*, ay and *Binkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. *Buse*, but in Truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach; my own was at present in Disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour, Mr. *Day* Chairman of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations, should know that his Wife rode in a Stage Coach, he would make the House too hot for some. — Why, how is't with you, Sir? what, weary of your Journey?

[*To the Col.*]
Col. Bl. Her Tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*] — So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach, has a little distemper'd me with Heat.

Mrs. Day. So many, Sir? why there were but six — What would you say if I should tell you, that I was one of the eleven that travell'd at one Time in one Coach?

Col.

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Col. *Bl.* O the Devil ! I have given her a new Theme.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why, I tell you——Can you guess how 'twas ?

Col. *Bl.* Not I, truly. But 'tis no Matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. *Day.* Look you, thus it was ; there was in the first Place, my self, and, my Husband, I shou'd have said first, but his Honour wou'd have pardoned me, if he had heard me ; Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife ; the Mayor of *Reading*, and his Wife ; and this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our Laps—but now, where do you think the rest were ?

Col. *Bl.* A Top o'th' Coach sure.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess---why---wou'd you think it ; I had two growing in my Belly, Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of *Reading* a chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers ; As like the Father as if it had been spit out of his Mouth : and if he had come out of his Mouth, he had come out of as honest a Man's Mouth as any in forty Miles of the Head of him : For wou'd you think it, at the very same time when this same *Ruth* was sick, ' it being the first Time the Girl was ever coach'd, the good Man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

—O, are you come! Long look'd for comes at last. What, —you have a slow set Pace as well as your hasty Scribble, sometimes: Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found Attendance ready for me when I alighted ?

Obad. I ask your Honour's Pardon ; for I do profess unto your Ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young Honour, Mr. *Abel* demurr'd me by his Delays.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not, guess your Business ; providing for the Entertainment of one I have in my Eye ; read her and take her : Ah, is't not so ?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my Care, Forsooth.

Mrs. *Day.* Will you never leave your Forsooths ? Art thou not ashamed to let the Clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding than his Master's Son ?

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Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some Business for your more private Ear.

Mrs. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable Condition has that Gentleman been in! 'faith I pity him.

Arbel. Are you so apt to pity Men?

Ruth. Yes, Men that are humoursome as I would Children that are froward; I wou'd not make them cry a purpose.

Arbel. Well, I like his Humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all Conscience; 'faith I'll speak to him.

Arbel. Nay, pr'ythee don't, he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an Ass.—How is't after your Journey, Sir?

C. Bl. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir?

C. Bl. No, Forsooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.

Ruth. I shou'd be loth to interrupt your Meditations, Sir: We may have the Fruits hereafter.

C. Bl. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my Teeth.—This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike. [*Aside.*]

Arbel. Pr'ythee Peace:-----Sir, we wish you all Happiness.

C. Bl. And Quiet, good sweet Ladies,—I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good Opinion. If'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one Woman.

Mrs. Day. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you, *Abel* has done it; say no more: take her by the Hand, *Abel*. I profess, she may venture to take thee for better, for worse: Come, Mrs. the honourable Committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir. [*Exe. all but C. Blunt.*]

C. Bl. How, the Committee ready to sit. Plague on their Honours; for so my honour'd Lady, that was one of the eleven was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a Day after the Fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been Rascals. Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Solicitor: I'll find the arrantest

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rankest Rogue I can too : For, according to the old Saying, Set a Thief to catch a Thief.

Enter Sir Careless, and Lieutenant.

C. Car. Dear *Bl.* I well met ; when came you, Man ?

C. Bl. Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly, Lieutenant, your Servant. I am landed just now Man.

C. Car. Thou speakest as if thou hadst been at Sea.

C. Bl. It's pretty well guess'd, I have been in a Storm.

C. Car. What Business brought thee ?

C. Bl. May be the same with yours ; I am come to compound with their Honours.

C. Car. That's my Business too ; why the Committee sits suddenly.

C. Bl. Yes, I know it ; I heard so in the Storm I told thee of.

C. Car. What Storm, Man ?

C. Bl. Why, a Tempest, as high as ever blew from Woman's Breath : I have rode in a Stage-Coach, wedged in with half a dozen ; one of them was a Committee-man's Wife ; his Name is *Day* ; And she accordingly will be called your Honour, and your Ladyship ; with a Tongue that wags as much faster than all other Women's, as in the several Motions of a Watch, the Hand of the Minute moves faster than that of the Hour. There was her Daughter too ; but a Bistard without Question ; for she had no Resemblance to the Rest of the notch'd Rascals ; and very pretty, and had Wit enough to jeer a Man in Prosperity to Death.---There was another Gentlewoman, and she was handsome, nay very handsome ; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

C. Car. Pr'ythee how, Man ?

C. Bl. Why she began with two or three good Words, And I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

C. Car. Thou wer't not so mad ?

C. Bl. I had been mad, If I had not---But when we came to our Journey's End, there met us two such formal and stately Rascals, that yet pretended Religion and open Rebellion ever painted ; They were the Hopes and Guide of the honourable Family, viz. The eldest Son, and the

the chiefest Clerk, Rogues—and hereby hangs a Tale.—
This Gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil, by desiring
her to say nothing, is a rich Heiress of one that died in
the King's Service, and left his Estate under Sequestration.
This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up, and de-
signs her for this her eldest Rascal.

C. Car. What a dull Fellow wert thou, not to make
Love, and rescue her.

C. Bl. I'll wooe no Woman.

C. Car. Wou'dst thou have them court thee? A Soldier,
and not love a Siege—How now, who art thou?

Enter Teague.

Teg. A poor Irishman, and Christ save me, and save
you all; I pr'ythee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

C. Car. Six-pence? I see thou wou'dst not lose any
thing for want of asking. Here, I am pretty near, there's
a Groat for thy Confidence.

Teg. By my troth it is too little.

C. Car. Troth, like enough: how long hast thou been
in England.

Teg. Ever since I came hither, i'faith.

C. Car. That's true; what hast thou done since thou
cam'st into England?

Teg. Serv'd God and St. Patrick, and my good sweet
King, and my good sweet Master; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what dost thou do now?

Teg. Cry for them every day, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy Master?

Teg. He's dead Mastero, and left poor *Teg*; upon my
Soul, he never serv'd poor *Teg* so before.

C. Car. Who was thy Master?

Teg. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble Friend.

Teg. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teg*'s too, i'faith now.

C. Car. What dost thou mean to do?

Teg. I will get a good Master, if any good Master wou'd
get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my Soul, that I
cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly's*; he lives
at that Houfe, at the end of another Houfe, by the May-
pole.

pole-house; and tells every body by one Star, and t'other Star, what good luck they shall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor Teg.

C. Car. Why, Man?

Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars; and he told me there were no Stars for *Irishmen*: I told him he told two or three Lyes upon my Soul; There was as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too, that there are; and if a good Master cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see if the Stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back i'faith, and beat his Pate, if he will not then tell me some good Luck, and some Stars.

C. Car. Poor Fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest:—Hast thou any Trade?

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an *Irishman* a Trade! an *Irishman* scorns a Trade, that he does; I will run for thee forty Miles; but I scorn to have a Trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple Fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any miserable that can weep for my Prince and Friend. Well, Teg, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why I will say thou wilt do very well then.

C. Car. Thy Master was my dear Friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my Soul that I was, and I did howl over him, and I ask'd why he would leave poor Teg; and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet Face, 'till the Rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked till I got this Mantle, that I was: I have never any Vistuals neither, but a little Snuff.

C. Car. Come thou shalt live with me; love me as thou did'st thy Master.

Teg. That I will 'faith, if thou would'st be good to poor Teg.

C. Car. Now to our Business; for I came but last night my self; and the Lieutenant and I were just going to seek a Solicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all; what say you, Lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a Heifer of their own.

C. Car.

C. Car. Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why did'st not thou begin with the Committee-man's Cow?

C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dar'd Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting Dose to be swallow'd first; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, what is that Covenant? by my Soul I will take it for my new Master, if I cou'd that I wou'd.

C. Car. Thank thee, *Teg*---A Covenant, sayest thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?---

C. Car. We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no Land then.

C. Bl. Then farewell Acres, and may the Dirt choke them.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s Equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a Fellow that can teach one this cheap Diet of Snuff.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor House, where you shall lodge: for know, I am married to a most illustrious Person, that had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Pr'ythee, how did'st thou light upon this good Fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are Stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you shall have my Story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

C. Car. Come, *Teg*; however I have a suit of Clothes for thee; thou shalt lay by thy Blanket for some time: It may be thee and I may be reduc'd together to thy Country Fashion.

Teg. Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee then into my Country too.

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mr. Day. Welcome, sweet Duck; I profess thou hast brought home good Company indeed; Money and Money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this Heiress *Mrs. Arbella*, for our Son *Abel*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. If we can ? you are ever at your (ifs;) you're afraid of your own Shadow; I can tell you one (if) more; that is (if) I did not bear you up, your Heart wou'd be down in your Breeches at every turn: well,---If I were gone,---there's another if for you.

Mr. Day. I profess thou sayest true, I shou'd not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good Counsel for many good thing; We had never got *Ruth* nor her Estate into our Fingers else.

Mrs. Day. Nay, in that Business too you were at your (Ifs:) Now you see she goes currently for our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be our Daughter too, or she shall have no Estate.

Mr. Day. If we cou'd but do that, Wife!

Mrs. Day. Yet again at your Ifs?

Mr. Day. I have done, I have done; to your Counsel good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. Day. You may well enough, you find the sweet on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it: In truth they are ready to call me Committee-man: they will perceive the Weight that lies upon me, Husband.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Duck, no chiding now, but to Your Counsel.

Mrs. Day. In the first Place (observe how I lay a Design in Politicks) a'ye mark, counterfeit me a Letter from the King, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his Interest under-hand. Very good: and in it let him remember his kind Love and Service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you some body: then promise them, if they'll be true Friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great Offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the Composition of *Arbella's* Estate into your own Power, upon your design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. Day. Excellent.

Mrs. Day. Mark the luck on't too, their Names sound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a Providence.

Mr. Day. Thou observest right, Duck, thou can'st see as far into a Millstone as another.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Day. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the Concatenation of my Discourse: then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable Fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That Language is understood amongst you, I take it, ha.

Mr. Day. Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. Day. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do; by this means get her Composition put wholly into your Hands, and then no *Abel*, no Land.---But---in the mean time I wou'd have *Abel* do his Part too.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay; there's a want; I found it.

Mrs. Day. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. Day. Why, that's true, Duck, he is too backward, if I were in his Place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. Day. O you'd do wonders! But now I think on't, there may be some use made of *Ruth*, 'tis a notable witty Harlotry.

Mr. Day. Ay, and so she is, Duck; I always thought so.

Mrs. Day. You always think so, when I have thought on't first.---Let me see,---it shall be so: we'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first Place; and then to incline *Arbella*; they are Hand and Glove; and Women can do much with one another.

Mr. Day. Thou hast hit upon my own Thoughts---

Mrs. Day. Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

Mr. Day. I will, Duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter Ruth

Ruth. Your Pleasure, Sir,

Mr. Day. Nay, 'tis my Wife's desire, that---

Mrs. Day. Well, if it be your Wife's, she can best tell it her self, I suppose. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a Business that may not be the worse for you: you know I use but few Words.

Ruth. What does she call a few?---

[*Aside*.

Mrs. Day. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter, my Husband and I do design this Mrs. *Arbella* for

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for our Son *Abel*, and the young Fellow is not forward enough, you conceive, pr'ythee give him a little Instructions how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her, for Women best know what will please Women: then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work. I say, my good Girl, no more, but so: you know my Custom is to use but few Words. Much may be said in a little: you shan't repent it.

Mrs. Day. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. Day. What need you? do you not see it all said already to your Hand? What sayest thou, Girl?

Ruth. I shall do my best: I wou'd not lose the Sport for more than I'll speak of.

Mrs. Day. Go call *Abel*, good Girl. [*Exit Ruth*] By bringing this to pass, Husband, we shall secure ourselves if the King shou'd come: you'll be hanged else.

Mr. Day. Oh good Wife, let's secure our selves by all means: there's a wife saying, 'Tis good to have a Shelter against every Storm. I remember that.

Mrs. Day. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

Mr. Day. O Son *Abel*, dy'e hear?

Mrs. Day. Pray hold your Peace, and give every body leave to tell their own Tale. Dy'e hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you; a word's enough to the Wife: some Endeavours must be us'd, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your Sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her Directions, as you'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha Boy, hadst thou but thy Mother's Pate. Well, 'tis but a Folly to talk of that that cannot be; be sure you follow your Sister's Directions.

Mr. Day. Be sure, Boy. — Well said Duck, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Ruth and Abel.

Ruth. Now, Brother *Abel*,

Ab. Now, Sister *Ruth*.

Ruth.

Ruth. Hark to he observes me continually. *[Aside.]* Have you a Month's mind to this Gentlewoman, Mistress *Abella*?

Abel. I have not known her a Week yet.

Ruth. O, cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel*. Well to begin then, you must alter your Posture, and by your grave and high Demeanour make your self appear a Note above *Obadiab*, lest your Mistress should take you for such another Scribble-Scrabble as he is; and always hold up your Head as if it were bolster'd up with high Matters, your Hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your Body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Must I go apace, or softly?

Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty Considerations. — *[To Very well.]* Now to apply our Prescription; Suppose now that I were your Mistress *Abella*, and met you by accident; keep your Posture — so, — and when you come just to me, start like a Horse that has spy'd something on one side of him; and give a little gird out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you did not see her before, by reason of your deep Contemplations: Then you must speak; let's hear.

Abel. 'Save you, Mistress.

Ruth. O fy Man, you should begin thus: Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so buried, that I did not see you: — and then, as she answers, proceed. I know what she'll say, I am so us'd to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Ruth. Better Sport than I expected. *[Aside.]* Very well done, you're perfect; Then she will answer, Sir, I suppose you are so busied with State-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No forsooth, I have some profound Contemplations, but no State-affairs.

Ruth. O fy Man, you must confess that the weighty Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a Burden you must bear: And then shrug your shoulders.

Abel.

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Abel. Must I say so? I am afraid my Mother will be angry; for she takes all the State-matters upon herself.

Ruth. Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me? Why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with Parliament Men, and Committee Men; how should she hope for any good by you else in her Composition?

Abel. I apprehend you now: I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well, at this Time I'll say no more: put your self in your Posture—so:—Now go look your Mistress: I'll warrant you the Town's our own.

Abel. I go.

[Exit *Abel*.]

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off 'till he discharges on his Mistress. I could burst with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What dost thou laugh at, *Ruth*?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my Brother *Abel*?

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

Arb. What dost thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my Superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his Head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to woo?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the Sport by telling thee any thing beforehand. They have sent to *Lilly*; and his Learning being built upon knowing what most People would have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich Heiress; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be?

Ruth. Yes, Committee-men can compel, more than Stars.

Arb. I fear this too late. You are their Daughter,

Ruth.

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How?

Rut

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you ; 'tis to invite your Confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect — When my Father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young, not above two Years old: 'Tis too long to tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee, catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heiress unto my Father, into his Grips; and now for some Years has confirm'd his unjust Power by the unlawful Power of the Times: I fear they have Designs as bad as this on you: You see I have no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your Friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much Clearness: Let us love and assist one another — Would they marry me to this their first born Puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your Composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill Fortune to fall into such Hands, foolishly enticed by fair Words and large Promises of Assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your Company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the Parlour: The Committee being ready to sit, calls upon my Care and Circumspection to set in order the weighty Matters of State, for their wise and honourable Inspection. [Exit.]

Ruth. We come. Come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd; chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the Weight will sink thee: Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time thou shalt know all Particulars of my strange Story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our Humours; they shall be free still.

[Exeunt.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Teague.

Teg. I Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a Rascal now, that he has; I will go tell him so too: He ask'd me why he could not send one that could speak *Eng-lish*. Upon my Soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* Knock. The Devil's in them all: they will not talk with me: I will go near to knock this Man's Pate, and that Man *Lilly's* Pate too, — that I will: I will make them prate to me, that I will. [*One cries Books within.*] How now, what Noises are that? —

Enter Bookseller.

Bookfel. New Books, new Books: A desperate Plot and Engagement of the bloody Cavaliers: Mr. *Saltmarsh's* Alarum to the Nation, after having been three Days dead: *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? Now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three Days!

Bookfel. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the Weekly Post; or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say? Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Bookfel. Yes; what then, Sir?

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Bookfel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well, I must take that Covenant.

Bookfel. You take my Commodities!

Teg. I must take that Covenant, upon my Soul now, that I must.

Bookfel. Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you further.

Teg. Well, upon my Soul now, I will take that Covenant for my Master.

Bookfel. Your Master must pay me for't then.

Teg. I Pfaith now, they will make him pay for't, after I have taken it for him.

Bookfel. What a Devil does the Fellow mean?

Teg.

Teg. You will make me stay too long, that you will; look you now, I will knock you down upon the Ground, if you will not let me take it.

Bookfel. Stand off, Sirrah.

Teg. P'faith I will take it now.

[He throws the Fellow down, and takes away the Paper, and runs out.]

Bookfel. What a Devil ails this Fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two Pennyworth of lamentable Ware away; but I feel the Rascal's Fingers. I may light upon my wald *Frisman* again; and if I do, I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall be worse than his own Country Bogs. *[Exit.]*

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels? how and how d'ye like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illustrious, from those illustrious Commodities which she deals in, hot Water and Tobacco.

C. Car. Prithee how cam'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other Men from those Venereal Conditions, prompted me to Matrimony, Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

C. Car. Which you destroy'd with a fat Woman, strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little: but the rest could not be purchas'd without.

C. Car. She's beholden to you.

Lieu. For all your Mocking, she had been ruin'd, if it had not been for me.

C. Car. Prithee make but that good.

Lieu. With ease, Sir,—Why look you, you must know she was always a most violent Cavalier, and of a most ready and large Faith. Abundance of Rascals had found her soft Place, and perpetually would bring her News, News of all Prices; they would tell her News from Half a Crown, to a Gill of hot Water, or a Pipe of the worst Mundungus. I have observ'd their usual Rates; they would borrow Half a Crown upon a Story of five thousand Men up in the North; a Shilling upon a Town's revolting; six Pence upon a small Castle; and consume hot Water and Tobacco,

The Faithful Friend.

hacco, while they were selling News of Arms convey'd into several Parts, and Ammunition hid in Cellars; that at the last, if I had not married, and blown off these Flies, she had been absolutely consum'd.

C. Car. Well, Lieutenant, We are beholden to you for these Hints? we may be reduc'd to as bad. See where *Yeg* comes: Goodness, how he smiles. Why so merry *Yeg*.

Enter Teague, smiling.
Yeg. I have done one Thing for thee now, that I have indeed

C. Bl. The sight of any of the Villains this morning?
C. Car. What hast thou done, Man?

Yeg. I have taken the Covenant for thee, that I have, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Where hadst it, thou?

Yeg. Hadst it thou! I threw a Fellow down, that I did, and took it away for thy sweet sake. Here it is now.

C. Car. Was there ever such a Fancy! Why didst thou think this was the Way to take the Covenant?

Yeg. Ay, upon my Soul, that it is. Look you there now, have I not taken it? Is not this the Covenant? Tell me that then I promise.

C. Bl. I am pleas'd yet with the poor Fellow's mistaken Kindness: I dare warrant him honest, to the best of his Understanding.

C. Car. This Fellow I prophesy will bring me into many Troubles by his Mistakes: I must send him on no errand but, How d'ye, and to such as I would have no Answer from again:—Yet his simple Honesty prevails with me; I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, Time calls—How now, who's this?

Enter Obadiah, with four Persons more with Papers.

C. Car. I am a Rogue if I have not seen a Picture in hangings, walk as fast.

C. Bl. 'Slife, Man, this is that good Man of the Committee Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk, how the Rogue's loaded with Papers!—Those are the Wind-eg-Sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Estate. 'Twere a good Deed to burn them all.

C. Car. Why, thou art not mad, art?—Well met, Sir; pray

pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

Obad. I do belong to that honourable Committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the Work.

C. Bl. O Plague! What Work. *Raf.* —

C. Car. Prithce be quiet, Man — Are they to sit presently?

Obad. As soon as I can get ready, my Presence being material! *[Exit]*

C. Car. What, wert thou mad? Wouldst thou have beaten the Clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the Rascals his Masters?

C. Bl. The Sight of any of the Villains stirs me.

Lieu. Come, Colonels, there's no Trifling, let's make haste, and prepare your Business, let's not lose this sitting; come along, along. *[Exit]*

Enter *Abella*, *at one Door*; *Abel*, *at another*, *as if he saw her not*, and *starts* when *he comes to her*, as *Ruth* had taught him.

Abel. What's the Meaning of this? I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

Arb. This is a set Form — They allow it in every thing but their Prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arb. *Ruth*, I have found you, but I'll spoil the Dialogue. *[Aside]* What should I say, Sir?

Abel. What you please, forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter *Ruth*, as *over-bearing them*, and *peeps*.

Ruth. This is lucky.

Abel. No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, Sir, would your Mother be angry, if you should?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary. — I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty Affairs heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders.

Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels. — This is notable Wench; look where the Rascal peeps too; If

should

should beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. *[Aside.]*

Abel. Something I can do, and that with some Body; that is, with those that are some Bodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, *[Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her Head.]* Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful Girl!

Abel. I know Parliament-men and Sequestrators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great Acquaintance, Sir,

Abel. Yes, they ask my Opinion sometimes.

Arb. What Weather 'twill be? have you any Skill, Sir?

Abel. When the Weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time—No Mercy, Wench?

Abel. Our profound Contemplations are caused by the Consternation of our Spirits for the Nation's Good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a Deliverance.—Hark ye, *Ruth*, take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed,

Ruth. I dare not; my Mother will be angry.

Arb. O hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some Power, if you please to—

Arb. O I am pleased, Sir, that you should have Power! I must look out my Hoods and Scarves, Sir; 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty Matters of State which lie upon my Shoulders, myself would look them.

Arb. O by no Means, Sir; 'tis below your Greatness:—Some Luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Why how now, *Abel*! got so close to *Mrs. Arbella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: Well, *Mr. Abel*, you have been so us'd to Secrecy in Council and weighty Matters, that you have it at your Fingers ends; Nay, look ye, *Mistress*, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel's* Eyes: Ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good Girl; I find *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I saw your Honour first enter; but I have o'er-heard all.

B

Mrs.

Mrs. Day. And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, Wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond Expectation. If it were lawful, I'd undertake he'd made nothing to get as many Womens Good-wills as he speaks to; he'll not need much teaching: You may turn him loose.

Arb. O this plaguy Wench!

Mrs. Day. Sayst thou so, Girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new Gown, or so: It may be a better Penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy Mother's at last:—But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mrs. you are Crafty; you have made your Composition beforehand. Ah, this *Abel*'s as bad as a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me; come, make haste, call the Coach. *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say.

[*Exe. Mrs. Day and Abel*.]

Arb. We'll fetch our things and follow you. Now, Wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven?

Ruth. Why, what's the matter?

Arb. The matter! Cou'dst thou be so unmerciful, to see me practis'd on, and pelted at, by a Blunderbus charg'd with nothing but Proofs, weighty Affairs, Spirit, profound Contemplation, and such like?

Ruth. Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I thought it convenient to give you what time I cou'd, to make his young Honour your Friend.

Arb. I am beholden to you: I may cry Quittance.

Ruth. But did you mark *Abel*'s Eyes? Ah, there were Looks!

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee give off; my Hour's approaching, and I can't be heartily merry till it be past: Come, let's fetch our Things; her Ladyship's Honour will stay for us.

Ruth. I'll warrant ye, my Brother *Abel* is not in order yet; he's brushing a Hat almost a quarter of an Hour, and as long a driving the Lint from his black Clothes, with his wet Thumb.

Arb. Come, pry'thee hold thy Peace, I shall laugh in's Face else when I see him come along: now for an old Shoe.

[*Exeunt*.]

A

A Table set out.

Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah ordering Books and Papers.

Obad. Shall I read your Honours last Order, and give you the Account of what you last debated?

Mr. Day. I first crave your Favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable Board, in which I shall discover unto you my own Sincerity, and Zeal to the good Cause.

1 Com. Proceed, Sir.

Mr. Day. The Business is contained in this Letter; 'tis from no less a Man than the King; and 'tis to me, as simple as I fit here: Is it your Pleasures that our Clerk should read it?

2 Com. Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. [Reads.] Mr. Day, We have received good Intelligence of your great Worth and Ability, especially in State-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any Preferment, or Honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my intine Friend, Pray remember my Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her with this; whose Wisdom, I bear, is great. Sare-commending this to her and your wise Consideration, I remain.
Your Friend, C. K.

2 Com. C. K.

Mr. Day. Ay, that's Charles, King.

2 Com. I suspect who brought you this Letter.

Mr. Day. Oh fie upon't, my Wife forgot that Particular. [Aside]—Why, a Fellow left it for me, and shrunk away, when he had done: I warrant you, he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold on him. You see, Brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my Reward: and I have now a Business to offer, which in some Measure may afford you an Occasion.

2 Com. This Letter was counterfeited certainly.

Mr. Day. But first be pleased to read your last Order.

2 Com. What does he mean? that concerns me.

Obad. The Order is, that the Composition arising out of Mr. *Lastley's* Estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr *Nathaniel Catch*, for and in respect of his Sufferings, and good Service,

Mr Day. It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty

28 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

to strengthen our selves against the Day of Trouble, when the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise Commotions in the Land, and disturb our new built *Zion*.

2 *Com.* Then I'll say nothing, but close with him: we must wink at one another.---I receive your Sense of my Services with a zealous Kindness. Now, Mr. *Day*, I pray you propose your Business.

Mr. *Day*. I desire this honourable Board to understand, that my Wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the Stage-Coach; it happened that one Mrs. *Arbella*, a rich Heiress of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in the same Coach. Her Father being newly dead, and her Estate before being under Sequestration; my Wife, who has a notable Pate of her own (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my House; where, though time was but short, yet my Son *Abel* made use of it. They are without, as I suppose: But before we call them in, I pray let us handle such other matters as are before us.

1 *Com.* Let us hear then what Estates besides lie before us, that we may see how large a Field we have to walk in.

2 *Com.* Read.

Obad. One of your last Debates was upon the Plea of an Infant, whose Estate is under Sequestration.

Mr. *Day*. And fit to be kept so till he comes of Age, and may answer for himself; that he may not be in Possession of the Land till he can promise he will not turn to the Enemy.

Obad. Here is another of almost the like Nature; an Estate before your Honours under Sequestration: The Plea is, that the Party died (without any living Issue) for taking up Arms; but in his Opinion, he was for the King. He has left his Widow with Child, which will be the Heir; and his Trustees complain of wrong, and claim the Estate.

2 *Com.* Well, the Father in his Opinion was a Cavalier?

Obad. So it is given in.

2 *Com.* Nay, 'twas so, I warrant you; and there's a young Cavalier in his Widow's Belly; I warrant you that too; for the perverse Generation increaseth. I move therefore that their two Estates may remain in the Hands of our

Brethren

Brethren here, and Fellow-Labourers, Mr. *Joseph Blemish*, and Mr. *Jonathan Headstrong*, and Mr. *Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable at our Pleasures; whereby they may have a godly Opportunity of doing good for themselves.

Mr. *Day*. Order it, order it.

3 *Com*. Since it is your Pleasures, we are content to take the Burden upon us, and be Stewards to the Nation.

2 *Com*. Now verily it seemeth to me that the Work goeth forward, when Brethren hold together in Unity.

Mr. *Day*. Well, if we have now finish'd, give me leave to tell you, my Wife is without, together with the Gentlewoman that is to compound: she will needs have a Finger in the Pye.

3 *Com*. I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. *Day*. We may not neglect the publick for private Respects. I hope, Brethren, that you will please to cast the Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2, 3. *Com*. You wrong us; to doubt it, Brother *Day*. Call in the Compounders.

Enter Mrs. *Day*, *Abel*, *Arbella*, *Ruth*; and after them the Colonels; and Tegg; they give the Door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. *Day*. Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this Gentlewoman.

2 *Com*. We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any Occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day*. I thank your Honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. *Day*. Come on, Son *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honours, full of profound Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arbel. 'Slife, he's at's Lesson, Wench.

Ruth. Peace—Which Whelp opens next? O, the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. *Day*. May it please your Honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my Son *Abel* has settled his Affections on this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours favour to be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *Com.* Say you so, Mrs. Day? Why the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious Considerations; together with Mr. Day's good Service, upon some Knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. Day. That was the Letter I invented. [*Aside.*]

2 *Com.* And the Composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd to Mr. Day, that is, I suppose to Mr. Abel, and so consequently to the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, Mistress, for such good Fortune? your Estate's discharg'd, Mr. Day shall have the Discharge.

C. Bl. O damn the Vultures!

C. Car. Peace, Man.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the Benefit. I have no reason to Compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent, I desire to know my publick Censure, not be left in private Hands.

2 *Com.* Be contented Gentlewoman; the Committee does this in Favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. Abel; you may if you please, be Mrs. Day.

Ruth. And then good Night to all. [*Aside.*]

Arb. How, Gentlemen! are you private. Marriage Jobbers? d'ye make Markets for one another?

2 *Com.* How's this, Gentlewoman?

C. Bl. A brave noble Creature!

C. Car. Thou art smitten, Blunt; that other Female too methinks shoots Fire this way.

Mrs. Day. I desire your Honours to pardon her incessant Words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 *Com.* Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. Day's Sake passes by your Expressions; you may spare your Pains, you have the Committee's Resolution; you may be your own Enemy if you will.

Arb. My own Enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee Peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways.

2 *Com.* Come on, Gentlemen; what's your Case?

Ruth. Arbella, there's the downright Cavalier that came up in the Coach with us.—On my Life, there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

[While

The Faithful IRISHMAN. 31

[While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out, and deliver them.]

C. Car. Our Business is to compound for our Estates ; of which here are the Particulars, which will agree with your own Survey.

Obad. The Particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, the Rule is two Years Purchase, the first Payment down, the other at Six Months End, and the Estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper ?

2 Com. 'Tis our Rule.

C. Car. Very well ; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful Debts.

2 Com. But, Gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the Covenant ; you have not taken it yet, have you.

C. Car. No.

Teg. Upon my Soul but he has now ? I took it for him, and he has taken it from me that he has.

Ruth. What Sport are we now like to have ?

2 Com. What Fellow's that ?

C. Car. A poor simple Fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teg.*

Teg. Let them not prate so then.

2 Com. Well, Gentlemen, it remains, whether you'll take the Covenant ?

C. Car. This is strange, and differs from your own Principle, to impose on other Mens Consciences.

Mr. Day. Pish, we are not here to dispute ; we act according to our Instructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it ; therefore your Answer.

Teg. Why was it for no matter then that I have taken the Covenant ? You there, Mr. Committee, do you hear that now ?

C. Car. No, we will not take it ; much good may it do them that have Swallows large enough ; 'twill work one Day in their Stomachs.

C. Bl. The Day may come, when those that suffer for their Consciences and Honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, you make an Idol of that Honour.

C. Bl. Our Worships then are different : you make that your Idol which brings you Interest ; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb.

32 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Arb. Brave Gentlemen!

Ruth. I stare at 'em till my Eyes ake.

2 Com. Gentlemen, you are Men of dangerous Spirits: know we must keep our Rules and Instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our Hands.

C. Car. Providence! such as Thieves rob by.

2 Com. What's that, Sir? Sir, you are too bold.

C. Car. Why in good sooth you may give Losers leave to speak; I hope your Honours, out of your Bowels of Compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing Acres.

Mr. Day. It is well you are so merry.

C. Car. O, ever whilst you live, clear Souls make light Hearts: faith, wou'd I might ask one Question?

2 Com. Swear not then.

C. Car. Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbours Goods; there's a Rowland for your Oliver: my Question is only, which of all you is to have our Estates: or will you make Traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 Com. You grow abusive.

C. Bl. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable Persons that will be pleased to be our House-keepers, to keep them in good Reparations; we may take Possession again, without the help of the Covenant.

2 Com. You'll think better on't, and take this Covenant.

C. Car. We will be as rotten first as their Hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have these two Men; there are not two such to be had again for Love nor Money.

Mr. Day. Well, Gentlemen, your Follies light upon your own Heads; we have no more to say.

C. Car. Why then hoist Sails for a new World.—
D'ye hear, *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that?

C. Bl. 'Tis their witty Daughter I told thee of.

C. Car. I'll go to speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty Covenantanter.

C. Bl. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

C. Car. Lady, I hope you'll have that good Fortune not to be troubled with the Covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. Bl. Brave Lady! I must love her against my Will.—

C. Car.

The Faithful IRISHMAN. 33

C. Car. For you, pretty one, I hope your Portion will be enlarged by our Misfortunes: remember your Benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your Estates, I cou'd afford you as good a thing.

C. Car. Without taking the Covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

C. Car. Upon your Lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. Bl. Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

C. Car. Now have I forgot every thing.

C. Bl. Come let's go.

2 Com. Gentlemen, void the Room.

C. Car. Sure 'tis impossible that Kite should get that pretty Merlin.

C. Bl. Come, pr'ythee let's go, -these Muck-worms will have Earth enough to stop their Mouths with one Day.

C. Car. Pray use our Estates husband-like, and so our most honourable Bailiffs, farewell.

Mr. Day. You are rude: Door-keeper, put'em forth there.

Keep. Come forth, ye there; this is not a Place for such as you.

Teg. Ye are a Rascal, that you are now.

Keep. And please your Honours, this profane *Irishman* swore an Oath at the Door, even now, when I wou'd have him put out.

2 Com. Let him pay for't.

Keep. Here you must pay, or lie by the Heels.

Teg. What must I pay, by the Heels? I will not pay by the Heels, that I will not, upon my Soul.

C. Car. Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet. [Ex.]

Teg. Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not: what if I had cursed then?

Keep. That had been Six-pence.

Teg. Upon my Soul now, I have but one Six-pence, that I have not: Here, tho', I will give it thee for a Curse; there, Mr. Committee, now there is Six-pence for the Curse before-hand, Mr. Committee, and plague take you all. [Runs out.]

Ruth. Hark ye *Arbella*, 'twere a Sin not to love these Men.

Arb.

34 The COMMITTEE: Or,

Arb. I am not guilty, *Ruth.*

Mrs. Day. Has this honourable Board any other Command?

2 Com. Nothing farther, good *Mrs. Day.*—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for: but be grateful and kind to *Mr. Abel.*

Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

Mrs. Day. The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. Day. I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their Order, and they must now be private.

2 Com. Nay, pray, Mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] So, Brethren, we have finish'd this Day's Work; and let us always keep the Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking Hand in Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

Mr. Day. You may perceive they have Spirits never to be reconcil'd; they walk according to Nature, and are full of inward Darkness.

2 Com. It is well truly for the good People, that they are so obstinate, whereby their Estates may of Right fall into the Hands of the Chosen, which truly is a Mercy.

Mr. Day. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn 'till *Monday.* Take up the Papers there, and bring home to me their Honours Order for *Mrs. Arbella's* Estate. So, Brethren, we separate ourselves to our particular Endeavours, 'till we join in publick on *Monday*, two of the Clock; and so Peace remain with you. [*Exe.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Col. Carless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Lieu. **B**Y my faith, a sad Story: I did apprehend this Covenant wou'd be the Trap.

C. Car.

C. Car. Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants ; no Stoppage about their throats ; the Rascals are all Swallow.

C. Bl. Now am I ready for any Plot ; I'll go find some of these Agitants, and fill up a Blank Commission with my Name. And if I can but find two or three gather'd together, they are sure of me ; I will please myself, however, with endeavouring to cut their Throats.

C. Car. Or do something to make them hang us, that we may but part on any Terms : Nothing anger'd me but that my old Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance look'd another way, and seem'd not to know me.

C. Bl. How Kitchen-stuff Acquaintance !

C. Car. Yes, Mrs. Day, that commanded the Party in the Hackney-Coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in Time of Yore called Gillian.

Enter Teg.

How now, Teg ; What says the Learned ?

Teg. Well then, upon my Soul, the Man in the great Cloak, with the long Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. Car. Mad, Teg !

Teg. Yes i'faith is he ; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent to mock him.

C. Car. Why, what did'st thou say to him ?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counsel.

C. Car. 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dst him. Why, thou should'st have ask'd him when we might have come for Counsel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not ? If he wou'd take any Counsel, or you wou'd take any Counsel, is not that all one then ?

C. Car. Was there ever such a Mistake ?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee ne'er be troubled at this ; we are past Counsel : If we had but a Friend amongst them, that cou'd but slide us by this Covenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel ; what if you did visit this translated Kitchen-maid ?

Teg. Well how's that ? a Kitchen-maid ? where is she now.

C. Bl. The Lieutenant advises well.

C. Car. Nay, stay, stay ; in the first Place I'll send Teg to

to her, to tell her I have a little Business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. Bl. We shall have *Teg* mistake again.

Teg. How is that now? I will not mistake that Kitchen-maid? Whither must I go now, to mistake that Kitchen-maid?

C. Car. But d'ye hear, *Teg*? you must take no Notice of that, upon thy Life; but on the contrary, at every Word you must say, your Ladyship, and your Honour; as for Example, when you have made a L g, you must begin thus; My Master presents his Service to your Ladyship, and having some Business with your Honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your Ladyship.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was she your Father's Kitchen-maid?

C. Car. Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Soul I shall laugh upon her Face, for all I wou'd not have a Mind to do it.

C. Car. Not for a hundred Pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to set your Countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teg. If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or any thing that will put a Mind into my Head of a Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. Car. Not for a thousand Pounds, *Teg*; thou may'st undo us all.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my Mouth if I can, that I will from running to one Side and t'other Side. Well now, where does this Mrs. *Tay* live.

Lieu. Come, *Teg*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the House that thou may'st not mistake that however.

C. Car. Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant: Have a Care, *Teg*; thou shalt find us in the Temple. [*Ex. Lieutenant and Teg.*] Now, *Blunt*, have I another Design.

C. Bl. What further Design can'st thou have?

C. Car. Why by this Means I may chance see these Women again, and get into their Acquaintance.

C. Bl. With both, Man?

C. Car. 'Slife thou art jealous; do'st love either of 'em?

C. Bl. Nay, I can't tell; all is not as 'twas.

C. Car. Like a Man that is not well, and yet knows not what ailes him.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. Thou art something near the Matter; but I'll cure myself with considering, that no Woman can ever care for me.

C. Car. And why pry thee?

C. Bl. Because I can say nothing to them.

C. Car. The less thou can'st say, they'll like thee the better; she'll think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy Tongue: Besides Man, a Woman can't abide any Thing in the House shou'd talk but she and her Parrot. What, is it the Cavalier Girl thou lik'st?

C. Bl. Canst thou love any of the other Breed?

C. Car. Not honestly,——yet I confess that ill-begotten pretty Rascal never look'd towards me, but she scatter'd Sparks as fast as kindling Charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest Flame: Come, Blunt, when Teg comes we will resolve on something.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Arbella and Ruth.

Arb. Come now, a Word of our own Matters; how dost thou hope to get thy Estate again?

Ruth. You shall drink first; I was just going to ask you, how you would get yours again; you are as fast as if you were under Covert-baron.

Arb. But I have more hopes than thou hast.

Ruth. Not a Scruple more; if there were but Scales that could weigh Hopes: for these Rascals must be hang'd before either of us shall get our own; you may eat and drink out of yours as I do, and be a Sojourner with Abel.

Arb. I am hamper'd, but I'll not intangle myself with Mr. Abel's conjugal Cords: nay—I am more hamper'd than thou thinkest; for if thou art in as bad a Case as I (you understand me) hold up thy Finger.

Ruth. Behold: nay, I'll ne'er forsake thee, [Ruth holds up her Finger.] If I were not smitten, I wou'd persuade myself to be in Love, if 'twere but to bear thee Company.

Arb. Dear Girl! hark ye, Ruth, the Composition Day made an End of all: all's gone.

Ruth. Nay, that fatal Day put me into the Condition of a Compounder too; there was my Heart brought under Sequestration.

Arb. That Day, Wench?

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Ruth. Yes, that very Day, with two or three forceable Looks 'twas driven an Inch at least out of it's old Place; Sense or Reason can't find the Way to't now.

Arb. That Day, that very Day! if you and I should like the same Man?

Ruth. Fie upon't; as I live thou mak'st me start; now dare not I ask which thou lik'st.

Arb. Wou'd they were now to come in, that we might watch one another's Eyes, and discover by Signs; I am not able to ask thee neither.

Ruth. Nor I to tell thee; shall we go ask *Lilly* which it is?

Arb. Out upon him; nay, there's no need of Stars; we know ourselves, if we durst speak.

Ruth. Pish, I'll speak if it be the same: we'll draw Cuts.

Arb. No, hark ye, *Ruth*, do you act them both, for you saw their several Humours, and then watch my Eyes, where I appear most concern'd; I can't dissemble, for my Heart.

Ruth. I dare swear that will hinder thee to dissemble indeed,—Come have at you then, I'll speak as if I were before the honourable Rascals: And first, for my brave *Blunt* Colonel, who hating to take the Oath, cry'd out with a brave Scorn (such as made thee in Love, I hope) Hang yourselves, Rascals, the Time will come when those that dare be honest will be rewarded. Don't I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely?

Arb. O admirably well! dear Wench, do it once more.

Ruth. Nay, nay, I must do the t'other now.

Arb. No, no; this once more, dear Girl, and I'll act the t'other for thee.

Ruth. No forsooth, I'll spare your Pains; we are right, no need of Cuts; send thee good Luck with him I acted, and wish me well with my merry Colonel, that shall act his own Part.

Arb. And a thousand good Lucks attend thee. We have sav'd our Blushes admirably well, and reliev'd our Hearts from hard Duty.—But mum, see where the Mother comes, and with her, her Son, a true Exemplification or Duplicate of the Original *Day*. Now for a Charge.

Enter Mrs. Day and Abel.

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Well, Mrs. Arbella, I hope you have consider'd enough by this Time; you need not use so much Consideration for your own Good; you may have your Estate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.—*Abel*, tell her your Mind, ne'er stand, shall I, shall I—*Ruth*, does she incline, or is she willful?

Ruth. I was just about the Point when your Honour interrupted us.—One Word in your Ladyship's Ear.

Abel. You see Forsooth that I am some Body, though you make no Body of me, you see I can prevail; therefore pray say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand, shall I, shall I?

Arb. You are hasty, Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important Affairs; and therefore I must be bold in a fair Way to tell you that it lies upon my Spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-poffet-drink is very good against the Heaviness of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay, Forsooth, you do not understand my Meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, Sir; and 'tis no Matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an Irish Elder come to examine us all?

Teg. Well now, what is your Names, ever one?

Ruth. *Arbella*, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels; upon my Life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the Covenant the right way.

Arb. Peace, what shou'd it mean?

Teg. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing?

Mrs. Day. Why how now Sauce-box? what wou'd you have? What, have you left your Manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teg. What shou'd I fetch now?

Mrs. Day. D'you know who you speak to, Sirrah?

Teg. Well, what are you then? upon my Soul, in my own Country they cantell who I am.

Abel. You must not be so saucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be saucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous !

Teg. Is there none of you that I must speak to now ?

Arb. Now, Wench, if he shou'd be sent to us. [*Aside.*]

Teg. Well, I wou'd have one Mrs. *Tay* speak unto me.

Mrs. Day. Well, Sirrah, I am she; what's your Business ?

Teg. O so then, are you Mrs. *Tay* ? Well, I will look well first, and I will set my Face in some Worship ; yes, indeed that I will ; and I will tell her then what I will speak to her.

Ruth. How the Fellow begins to mould himself !

Arb. And tempers his Chops like a Hound that has lap'd before his Meat was cold enough.

Ruth. He looks as if he had some Gifts to pour forth ; those are Mr. *Day's* own white Eyes before he begins to say Grace : Now for a Speech ratling in his Ketcher, as if his Words stumbled in their Way.

Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, i'faith : My Master, the good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladyship — upon my Soul now the Laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladyship or Honour.*]

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah ; what, were you sent to abuse me ?

Ruth. As sure as can be.

[*Aside.*]

Teg. I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Honour, — I cannot help my Laugh now, I will try again now ; I will not think of a Kitchen then : — My Master wou'd know of your Ladyship —

Mrs. Day. Did your Master send you to abuse me, you Rascal ? By my Honour, Sirrah —

Teg. Why do'st thou mock thyself now, Joy ?

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah, do I mock my self ? This is some *Irish* Traitor.

Teg. I am no Traitor, that I am not ; I am an *Irish* Rebel ; you are cozen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am : an impudent *Irish* Rascal !

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold seditious Spirit.

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg.

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Teg. You are a foolish brabble-bibble Woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the Head of Affairs must punish your Sauciness.

Teg. You shall take a Knock upon your Pate if you are saucy with me, that I shall; you Son of a Round-head, you.

Mrs. Day. Ye Rascally Varlet, get you out of my Doors.

Teg. Will not I give you my Message then?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, Rascal.

Teg. I pr'ythee let me tell thee my Message.

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teg. Well then I care not neither; the Devil take your Ladyship, and Honourship, and Kitchenship too; there now. [Exit.

Arb. Was there ever such a Scene! 'Tis impossible to guess any Thing.

Ruth. Our Colonels have don't, as sure as thou livest, to make themselves Sport; being all the Revenge that is in their Power: Look, look, how her Honour trots about, like a Beast stung with Flies.

Mrs. Day. How the Villain has distemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the Rascal go unpunish'd, and you can stand by like a Sheep; run after him then, and stop him; I'll have him laid by the Heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me: Call Help as you go, make hast I say. [Exit Abel.

Ruth. Slide *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor Fellow for Sake's Sake; stop *Abel* by any Means, that he may'scape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy. [Exit.

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Uds my Life, the Rascal has heated me.--Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done; a saucy Villian.

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your Honour with one Thing first, concerning Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. Day. As soon as ever I have done. Is't good News, Wench?

Ruth. Most excellent; if you go out you may spoil all. Such a Discovery I have made, that you will bless the Accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. Day. Quickly then, Girl.

Ruth. When you sent *Abel* after the *Irishman*, Mrs. *Arbella's* Colour came and went in her Face; and at last, not able to stay, slunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* shou'd hurt him; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. Day. I protest he may be hurt indeed; I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no Means, Forsooth; nor is there any Need on't; for she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd get near the *Irishman*: She has done it upon my Life; and if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs. Day. Art sure of this?

Ruth. If you do not find she has stopt him, let me ever have your Hatred: pray credit me.

Mrs. Day. I do, I do believe thee; come we'll go in where I use to read: There thou shalt tell me all the Particulars, and the Manner of it: I warrant 'twas pretty to observe.

Ruth. O, 'twas a thousand Pities you did not see't, when *Abel* walk'd away so bravely, and foolishly, after this wild *Irishman*: She stole such kind Looks from her own Eyes; and having robb'd herself, sent them after her own *Abel*; and then——

Mrs. Day. Come, good Wench, I'll go in and hear it all at large; it shall be the best Tale thou hast told these two Days. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his Part, needs no Help by this time; come, good Wench. [Exit.

Ruth. So far I am right; Fortune take Care for future Things. [Exit.

Enter C. Blunt as taken by Bailiffs.

C. Bl. At whose Suit, Rascals?

1 Bail. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, Dogs! must I wait your Leisures?

1 Bail. O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traitors as you that disturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. Bl. Take that, Rascal; if I had any thing at Liberty besides my Foot, I wou'd bestow it on you.

1 Bail. You shall pay dearly for this Kick, before you are let loose, and give good special Bail: Mark that, my surly Companion; we have you fast.

C. Bl.

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C. Bl. 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently ; had I been aware, I wou'd have made some of your scurvy Souls my special Bail.

1 Bail. O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man ! I'll warrant ye this vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

C. Bl. I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How is this ! *Blunt* in hold ! you Catchpole, let go your Prey, or——[*Draws, and Blunt in the Scuffle throws up one of their Heels, and gets a Sword, and helps to drive them off*]

1 Bail. Murder, Murder !

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth Thanks. I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the Matter, Man ?

C. Bl. Why, an Action or two for free Quarter, now made *Trover* and *Conversion* : Nay, I believe we shall be sued with an Action of Trespass, for every Field we have marched over ; and be indited for Riots, for going at unseasonable Hours, above two in a Company.

Enter Teg running.

C. Car. Well, come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my Soul run as I do ; the Men in red Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, Murder, Murder ; I never heard such a Noise in *Ireland*, that's true too.

C. Car. 'Slife, we must shift several Ways. Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at Night ; I shall take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tay* now ?

C. Car. O good *Teg*, no time for Messages.

[Exeunt several Ways.]

A Noise within.]

Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.

1 Bail. This Way, this Way ! Oh Villians ! My Neighbour *Swash* is hurt dangerously. Come, good Soldiers, follow, follow.

Enter Careless and Teg again.

C. Car. I am quite out of Breath, and the Blood-Hounds are in full cry upon a Burning Scent : Plague on 'em, what a Noise the Kennels make ? What Door's this that graciously stands a little open ; What an Ass am I to ask ? *Teg*, scout abroad ; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this
Dodr,

Door, there you shall find me ; be careful. Now by your Favour, Landlord, as unknown. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mrs. Day, and Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, *Obadiah*, to bring the Parties to me first ; 'tis your Master's Will that I shou'd, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In Truth, in Truth, I have too great a Burden upon me ; yet for the publick Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall with sincere Care present unto your Honour, from time to time, such Negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your Honour's Inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do. You have the Present that came last ?

Obad. Yes, and please your Honour ; the Gentlewoman concerning her Brother's Release, hath also sent in a Piece of Plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a Bargain of the King's Land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him ; he does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*]

Mrs. Day. Why how now ? What rude Companion's this ? What wou'd you have ? What's your Business ? What's the Matter ? Who sent you ? Who do you belong to ? Who ? —

C. Car. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these Interrogatories ; you see I resolve to be your Companion ; I am a Man ; there's no great Matter ; no Body sent me ; nor I belong to no Body : I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed Murder, for ought I know : How is't, *Obadiah* ?

C. Car. Ha ! what luck have I to fall into the Territories of my old Kitchen Acquaintance ; I'll proceed upon the Strength of *Teg's* Message, tho' I had no Answer. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. How is't, Man ?

Obad. Truly he came forceably upon me, and I fear has bruised some Intellectuals within my Stomach. Mrs.

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Mrs. Day. Go in, and take some *Irish* Slat by way of Prevention, and keep yourself warm. [Ex. Obad.] Now, Sir, have you any Business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. Car. No truly, the Gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a Mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. Ay, there's the Point; either she does not, or will not know me: What shou'd I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this Wit is like a common Friend, when one has need on him he won't come near one. [Aside.]

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an Invention? for ought I know you have done some Mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. Car. So, that's well: 'twas pretty to fall into the head Quarter of the Enemy. [Aside.]

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis e'en so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty States-woman; I did but give you time to see if your Memory would be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a Word yet of thy former Employments, that Sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have Acquaintance with Cavaliers.

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens Utensils; but in *diebus illis*, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant. Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful: Pride comes with Godliness, and good Clothes: What, you think I shou'd not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd Hair, and white Gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your Sabbath-day's Cinnamon Waistcoat, with a silver Edging round the Skirt.

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah?

C. Car. And with your fair Hands bath'd in Lather; or with your fragrant Breath driving the fleeting Amber-grease off from the waving Kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. Day. O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember you now indeed; but I'll—

C. Car.

C. Car. Nay, but hark you, the now Honourable *now obstante* past Conditions; did not I send my Footman, an *Irishman*, with a civil Message to you; why all this Strangeness then?

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this! was't you that sent that Rascal to abuse me, was't so?

C. Car. How now! what, Matters grow worse and worse!

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in Authority: Within there, who's within.

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your Mouth, if you raise an Alarm.

[*She cries out, and he stops her Mouth.*]

Mrs. Day. Stop my Mouth, Sirrah! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your Mouth: what, are you good at a who-bub, ha?

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the Matter, Forsooth?

Mrs. Day. The Matter! why here's a rude Cavalier has broke into my House; 'twas he too that sent the *Irish* Rascal to abuse me too within my own Walks: Call your Father, that he may grant Order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

C. Car. Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, spare your Motion.—What must become of me? *Teg* has made some strange Mistake.

[*Aside.*]

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do! now Invention be equal to my Love. [*Aside.*] Why, your Ladyship will spoil all: I sent for this Gentleman, and enjoin'd him Secrecy, even to you yourself, till I had made his Way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come these two Hours.

C. Car. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, Sir? 'twas three Hours before you appointed.

C. Car. Hey day! I shall be made believe I came hither on Purpose presently.

[*Aside.*]

Ruth. 'Twas upon a Message of his to me, and please your Honour, to make his Desires known to your Ladyship, that he had considered on't, and was resolved to take the Covenant, and give you Five hundred Pound to make his Peace,

Peace, and bring his Business about again, that he may be admitted in his first Condition.

C. Car. What's this?—D'ye hear, pretty Gentlewoman?

Ruth. Well, well, I know your Mind; I have done your Business.

Mrs. Day. Oh, his Stomach's come down!

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the Five hundred Pound, and— [*Whispers.*

C. Car. Now I have found it; this pretty Wench has a Mind to be left alone with me, at her Peril. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. I understand thee—Well, Sir, I can pass by Rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no Intention of it; I leave you and my Daughter to beget a right Understanding. [*Ex. Mrs. Day.*

C. Car. We should beget Sons and Daughters sooner: What does this mean? [*Aside.*

Ruth. I am sorry, Sir, that your Love for me should make you thus rash.

C. Car. That's more than you know; but you had a Mind to be left alone with me; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, Sir; you'd ne'er have run yourself into this Danger else.

C. Car. Nay, now you're out; the Danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper Business here; but we lose Time; you and I are left to beget a right Understanding: come, which Way?

Ruth. Whither?

C. Car. To your Chamber or Closet.

Ruth. But I am engag'd you shall take the Covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad.

C. Car. That's not against my Principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair Opinion, good Signior Principle; there lies your Way, Sir: however, I will own so much Kindness for you, that I repent not the Civility I have done, to free you from the Trouble you were like to fall into; make me a Leg, if you please, and cry, Thank you; and so the Gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself,

herself, she being taught a right Understanding of you.

C. Car. No; I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus with flying Colours: my pretty Commander in chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingeniously the true State of our Treaty. The Business in short is this: We differ seemingly upon two Evils, and mine the least; and therefore to be chosen: you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

C. Car. You would not have me take the Covenant then?

Ruth. No; I did but try you: I forgive your idle Looseness, for that firm Virtue: be constant to your fair Principles, in spite of Fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into Petticoats!—but d'ye hear, I'll not excuse you from my Proposition, notwithstanding my Release: Come, we are half way to a right Understanding—nay, I do love thee.

Ruth. Love Virtue: you have but here and there a patch of it; y^e are ragged still.

C. Car. Are you not the Committee Day's Daughter?

Ruth. Yes, what then?

C. Car. Then I am thankful: I had no Defence against thee and Matrimony, but thy own Father and Mother, which are a perfect Committee to my Nature.

Ruth. Why, are you sure I would have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither?

C. Car. Nay, I have made thee a Jointure against my Will; methinks it were but as reasonable that I shou'd do something for my Jointure; but by the way of Matrimony honestly to increase your Generation, this, to tell you truth, is against my Conscience.

Ruth. Yet you would beget right Understandings.

C. Car. Yes, I wou'd have 'em all Bastards.

Ruth. And me a Whore.

C. Car. That's a coarse Name; but 'tis not fit a Committee-man's Daughter should be too honest, to the Reproach of her Father and Mother.

Ruth. When the Quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you and I shall agree: till when, Sir—

Enter

Enter Teg.

Teg. Are you here then? upon my shoul, the good Colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to the Devil! that he is i'faith now.

C. Car. How, taken and carried to the Devil!

Teg. He desired to go to the Devil, that he did; I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid of that.

C. Car. I understand it now; what mischief's this?

Ruth. You seem troubled, Sir.

C. Car. I have but a Life to lose, that I am weary of: come, Teg.

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the Business; what d'ye talk of?

C. Car. My Friend, my dearest Friend is caught up by rascally Bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

C. Car. Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your Friend. [Enter Arbella.
O Arbella, I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bailiffs; there's his Friend too, almost distracted: you know the Mercy of these Times.

Arb. What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter *Abel* and *Obadiab*.

Arb. Look, where he and *Obadiab* come; sent hither by Providence.——O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long Time? can you find of your Heart to keep thus out of my Sight?

Abel. Assuredly, some important Affairs constrain'd my Absence, as *Obadiab* can testify, *bona fide*.

Obad. I can do so verily, myself being a material Party.

C. Car. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my Sight; I'll not be satisfied with your *bona fides*: I have some Occasions that call me to go a little Way; you shall e'en go with me, and good *Obadiab* too: you shall not deny me any thing.

D

Abel.

Abel. It is not meet I should. I am exceedingly exalted.
Obadiah, thou shalt have the best Bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. Car. What may this mean?

[*Afide.*

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother from pursuing us?

Ruth. Let me alone: As I go by the Parlour, where she sits, big with Expectation, I'll give her a Whisper, that we are going to fetch the very Five hundred Pound.

Arb. How can that be?

Ruth. No Question how. Will you march, Sir?

C. Car. Whither?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these Men in Love are!—why, to your Friend. No more Words.

C. Car. I will stare upon thee, though.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Colonel Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.

1 Bail. **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get Bail.
C. Bl. Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees? I'll perish in a Dungeon, before I'll consume with throwing Sops to such Curs.

1 Bail. Chuse, chuse: come along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your Pace neither, Rascals; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest Gentleman.

1 Bail. Very well, surly Sir; we will carry you where you shall not be troubled what Pace to walk; you'll find a large Bill: Blood is dear.

C. Bl. Not yours, is it? a Farthing a Pint were very dear for the best Blood you have.

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, C. Careless, and Obadiah.

1 Bail. How now! are these any of your Friends?

C. Bl. Never if you see Women; that's a Rule.

Arb.

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Arb. Nay, you need have no Scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman of mine; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

Abel. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in Prison; he must convey my Estate, as you appoint; for 'tis all in him: we must please him.

Abel. The Consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiab*, 'tis necessary for us to set at Liberty this Gentleman, being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella*'s Estate; tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this Gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Obad. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Abel Day*, the First-born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations; and I myself by Name *Obadiab*, and Clerk to the said honourable Committee.

i Bail. Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I; and I will bail this Gentleman: I believe you dare not except against the Bail: nay, you shall have *Obadiab*'s too, one that the State trusts.

i Bail. With all our Hearts, Sir,—but there are Charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, *Obadiab*, take this Purse and discharge them, and give the Bailiffs twenty Shillings to drink.

C. Car. This is miraculous!

i Bail. A brave Lady!—I'faith, Mistress, we'll drink your Health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here: What say you to that now?

i Bail. That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in another Room, if you please to go thither, and give your Bail, Sir.

Abel. Well, shew us the Way, and let him know who I am.

[*Exeunt Abel, Obadiab, and Bailiffs.*]

C. Car. Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not a Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd have you and that Gentlewoman.

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Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my Turn; I am not ambitious.

C. Car. Do but swear then, that thou art not the Issue of Mr. Day, and tho' I know 'tis a Lye, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie! you can't abide taking of Oaths: Look, look, how your Friend and mine take aim at one another: Is he smitten?

C. Car. *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject, nay, and is vex'd; he is in Love too: Troth, 'tis partly my own Case.

Ruth. Peace; she begins, as Need requires.

Arb. You are free, Sir.

C. Bl. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. Bl. Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, Sir?

C. Bl. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceiv'd me apt to commit such a Rudeness? pray let me know it.

C. Bl. Upon two Conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well! make your own Laws.

C. Bl. First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: Pray believe it; you have this Acknowledgment from an honest Heart, one that would crack a String for you; that's one Thing.

Arb. Well! the other.

C. Bl. The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you; together with your Promise, not to call me back: and upon these Terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*, come stand ready, that, at the Sign given, we may vanish together.

Ruth. If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry One, two, three, and away.

C. Bl. Be pleased to forbear, good smart Gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am just going; by your Spleens, have a little Patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee, Peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, Sir.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. That's much for a Woman to do.

Arb. Now, Sir, perform your Promise.

C. Bl. *Careless*, have you done with your Woman?

C. Car. Madam——

C. Bl. Nay, I have thank'd her already; pr'ythee no more of that dull Way of Gratitude: stand ready, Man; yet nearer the Door: so, now my Misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above my Sense or Reason: So farewell, and laugh. Come, *Careless*.

C. Car. Ladies, our Lives are yours; be but so kind as to believe it, till you have something to command. [Ex.]

Ruth. Was there ever such Humour?

Arb. As I live his Confession shews nob'y.

Ruth. It shews madly, I am sure: an ill-bred fellow, not to endure a Woman to laugh at him.

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good Example; I'll make him so.

Arb. But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame; that we did not enquire where they lodg'd, under Pretence of sending to them about their own Business.

Ruth. Why, thy whimsical Colonel discharg'd himself off like a Gun: there was no Time between the Flashing in the Pan, and the going off, to ask a Question: But hark ye, I have an Invention upon the old Account of the Five hundred Pound, which shall make *Abel* send his Pursuivant, *Obadiab* to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at that Bait: The Message shall be as from his Master *Day*, Senior, to come and speak with him; they'll think presently, 'tis about their Composition, and come certainly. In the mean time, we'll prepare them with Counter-Expectations.

Enter *Abel* and *Obadiab*.

Ruth. You have it. Peace; see where *Abel* and the gentle Squire of low Degree, *Obadiab*, approach, having newly entred themselves into Bonds.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his Mother, if he be evermore troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier, by bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have, according to your Desires, given Freedom to your Kinsman and Trustee; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have Power, in Right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your Authority.

Ruth. O fie upon't, Brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a business before the Gentlemen went. O me, what a Sieve-like Memory have I! 'twas an important Affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render my Opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their Obstinacy, and wou'd now present five hundred Pound to your good honourable Mother to stand their Friend, that they may be permitted to take the Covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important Affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their Conversion, together with their Money.

Ruth. Well, there's but one Way; do you send *Obadiab* in your Father's Name, to desire them both to come to his House about some Business that will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll take it ill; for they enjoind us Secrecy; and when they come, let us alone. *Obadiab* may enquire them out at some Tavern.

Obad. The Bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil-Tavern, to pay a Reckoning.

Abel. Hasten thither, good *Obadiab*, as if you had met my honourable Father, and desire them to come unto his House, about an important Affair that is for their good.

Obad. I shall use Expedition.

[Exit.]

Abel. And we will hasten Home; lest the Gentlemen shou'd be before us, and not know how to address their Offers; and then we will hasten our being united in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the two Colonels, and Teg, as at the Tavern.

C. Car. Did ever Man get away so craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible business! afraid to tell a Woman

man what she desir'd to hear. I pray heartily that the Boys do not come to the Knowledge of thy famous Retreat; we shall be followed by those small Birds, as you have seen an Owl pursued.

C. *Bl.* I shall break some of their Wings then.

C. *Car.* To leave a handsome Woman, a Woman that came to be bound Body for Body for thee! one that does that which no Woman will hardly do again.

C. *Bl.* What's that?

C. *Car.* Love thee, and thy blunt Humour; a meer Chance, Man, a Thing besides all the venerate Stars.

C. *Bl.* You practise your Wit to no purpose; I am not to be perswaded to lie still like a Jack-a-lent, to be cast at; I had rather be a Whisp hung up for a Woman to scold at, than a fix'd Lover for 'em to point at: Your Squib began to hiss.

Enter Obadiah.

C. *Car.* Peace, Man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his Message to us, trow?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

C. *Bl.* How's this?

Obad. I come unto you in the Name of the Honourable Mr. *Day*, who desires to speak with you both about some important Affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. *Bl.* What Train is this?

C. *Car.* Peace, let us not be rash.—*Teg.*

Teg. Well then.

C. *Car.* Were it not possible that you could entertain this Fellow in the next Room, till he were pretty drunk?

Teg. I warrant you that now; I will make him and myself too drunk for thy sweet sake.

C. *Car.* Be sure, *Teg*—Some business, Sir, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your Patience till we dispatch it: In the mean time, Sir, do us the Favour as to call for a Glas of Sack; in the next Room *Teg* shall wait upon you, and drink your Master's health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I use to drink Healths.

C. *Car.* None but your Master's Sir, and that by way of Remembrance.

Obad. We that have the Affairs of State under our Tuition

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Tuition cannot long delay ; my Presence may be required for the carrying on the work.

C. Car. Nay, Sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an Hour ; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. *Day* presently ; Pray, Sir, drink but one Glass or two ; we wou'd wait upon you ourselves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that Consideration I shall attend a little.

C. Car. Go wait upon him,—now, *Teg*, or never.

Teg. I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my Soul.

[*Ex. Teg. and Obad.*

C. Bl. What a Devil shou'd this Message mean ?

C. Car. 'Tis too plain, this cream of Committee Rascals, who has better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard of his Son *Abel's* being hamper'd, in the Cause of the Wicked, and in Revenge wou'd entice us to Perdition.

C. Bl. If *Teg* could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

C. Car. If the close-hearted Rogue will not be open-mouth'd, we will leave him pawn'd for all our Scores, and stuff his Pockets with blank Commissions.

C. Bl. Only fill up one with his Master's Name.

C. Car. And another with his Wife's Name for Adjutant General, together with a Bill of Ammunition hid under *Day's* House, and make it be digg'd down with Scandal of Delinquency. A Rascal to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

C. Bl. Well, we must resolve what to do.

C. Car. I have a Fancy come into my Head, that may produce an admirable Scene.

C. Bl. Come let's hear.

C. Car. 'Tis upon supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk ; and, by the way, 'tis a good Omen that we have no sober Apparition in that wavering Posture of Frailty ; we'll send him Home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that good-natur'd Condition, to the ill-natur'd Rascal his Master.

C. Bl. It will be excellent : how I pray for *Teg* to be Victorious !

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any Musick ?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee no, we are out of Tune.

C. Car. Pish, we never will be out of Humour. Dost bear, canst sing us a malignant Sonnet ?

Mus.

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Mus. I can sing many Songs. You seem honest Gentlemen.

C. Car. Cavaliers, thou mean'st. Sing without any Apprehension.

S O N G.

NOW the Vail is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation
 Too late see the Gull of a Kirk-Reformation,
 How all things that shou'd be
 Are turn'd topsie turvy;
 The Freedom we have,
 Our Prince made a Slave,
 And the Masters must now turn the Waiters.
 The Great ones obey,
 While the Rascals do sway,
 And the Loyal to Rebels are Traitors.

The Pulpits are crowded with Tongues of their own,
 And the Preachers Spiritual Committee-Men grown,
 To denounce Sequestration
 On Souls of old Fashion:
 They Rail and they Pray,
 Till they quite preach away
 The Wealth that was once the wise City's.
 The Courts and the Hall,
 Where the Lawyers did bawl,
 Are turn'd into pious Committees.

C. Car. This Song has rais'd my Spirits: Here, sing
 always for the King; I wou'd have every Man in his Way
 do something for him; I wou'd have Fiddlers sing for him,
 Parsons pray for him, Men fight for him, Women scold
 for him, and Children cry for him; and according to this
 Rule, *Teg* is drinking for him: But see,

Enter Teg, and Obadiah drunk.

See and rejoice where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

C. Bl. And the vanquish'd *Obadiah*, with nothing fix'd
 about him but his Eyes.

C. Car. Stay: Sing another Song in the behalf of
 Compounders, if thou canst, that the Vapours of the Wine
 may have full Power to ascend up to the Firmament of
 this truly reformed Coxcomb.

S O N G,

SONG.

Come, Drawer, *some Wine,*
 Let it sparkle and shine,
 And make its own Drops fall a bounding;
 Like the Hearts it makes light,
 Let it flow pure and right,
 And a Plague take all kind of Compounding.

We'll not be too wise,
 Nor try to advise,
 How to suffer and gravely despair;
 For Wisdom and Parts
 Sit brooding on Hearts,
 And there they catch nothing but Care.

Not a Thought shall come in
 But what brings our King;
 Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain;
 We'll send by this Stealth
 To our Hearts our King's Health,
 And there in despite he shall reign.

[Obadiah repeating with him.

C. Car. This is Sport beyond modest Hopes. How I will adore Sack, that can force this Fellow to Religion. The Rogue is full of Worship.

Teg. Well now, upon my Soul, Mr. Obad. Commit. sings as well as the Man now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* Song after me?

Obad. I will sing *Irish* for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King, as well as you. Hark you now. [He sings an *Irish* Song, and Obadiah tries.

Obad. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these material Matters.

Teg. Here now, we will take some Snuff for the King—so, there, lay it upon your Hand; put one of your Noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my Soul, Mr. Obad. Commit. will make a brave *Irishman*.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good Mr. Teg. give me some more Sack, and sing *English*, for my Money.

Teg.

Teg. I will tell you that this *Irish* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance: Can you play an *Irish* Tune? can you play this now?

Mus. No, Sir; but I can play you an excellent *Irish* Jig. [They dance.

C. Car. This is beyond Thought! So this Motion, like a tumbled Barrel, has set the Liquor a working again. Now for a Chair.

C. Bl. Drawer! who waits there?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. What do you want, Gentlemen?

C. Bl. Call a Chair presently, and order it into this Room; here's a Friend of ours overtaken.

Drawer. I go, Sir.

[Exit.

C. Car. Teg, thou hast done Miracles; thou art a good Omen, and hast vanquish'd the Cause, in the Overthrow of this counterfeit Rascal, its true Epitome: and now, Teg, according to the words of Condemnation, we'll send him to the Place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my shoul he's dead now; shall I howl, as we do in *Ireland*?

C. Car. How's that Teg?

Teg. Yo, yo.

[Howls.

C. Car. No more, good Teg; lest you give an Alarm to the Enemy. Welcome, honest Fellow; by your Looks you seem so.

Enter Chairmen with a Chair.

1 Chair. How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor Soldier Ned?

C. Car. Why, this is a miraculous pursuit of good Fortune! honest Ned; what, turn'd Chairman?

1 Chair. Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel: shall I have the Honour to carry you?

C. Car. No, Ned; is thy Fellow honest?

1 Ch. Or I'd be hang'd before I'd carry an Inch with him.

C. Car. 'Tis well—look you, Ned, that Fellow is Mr. Day the Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful Industry we have made drunk: just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, and immediately transport him to his Master Day's House; and in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown for thy Pains.

1 Chair.

Chair. If I fail, say *Ned's* a Coward: Come, shall we put your short-wing'd Worship into your Mew? Come along. *[They put him in, and Ex.*

C. Car. Farewel, *Ned.* Teg, come, you must carry some Money to one or two confident Friends of mine; we'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home, and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way to see our enchanting Females once more; they make me so long— *[Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the Lip and the Cup.

Mr. Day. Nay, Duck, let thee alone for Counsel, Ah, if thou had'st been a Man!

Mrs. Day. Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, and a Helper too.

Mr. Day. I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy Face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. Day. Come, come, you are wandring from the matter; dispatch the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with our *Abel.* Women are uncertain.

Mr. Day. How if she shou'd be coy?

Mrs. Day. You are at your *ifs* again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land; Plain-dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn as I advis'd you, which she must sign?

Mr. Day. Ay, I warrant you, Duck; here, here they be. Oh she has a brave Estate!

Mrs. Day. What News you have!

Mr. Day. Look you, Wife.

[Day pulls out his Writings, and lays out his Keys.

Mrs. Day. Pish, teach your Granam to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honour, your good Neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome Life: he has made your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your Honours.

Mr. Day. Alas, alas! a good Man will leave us. Come good Duck, let us hasten: where is *Obadiab* to usher you?

Mrs. Day. Why, *Obadiab*!—A Varlet, to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my Wrath. Come, Husband along; I'll take *Abel* in his Place. *Enter*

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Enter Ruth and Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carrion discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The She *Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiah*: look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live, it is the *Day's* Bunch of Keys, which he always keeps so close:—well—if thou hast any Mettle now's the Time,

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt*.

Enter Abel.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, Wench, he's come back for the Keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear them in confident Words, and no less confident Countenances.

Abel. An important Affair hath called my honourable Father and Mother forth, and in the Absence of *Obadiah* I am enforced to attend their Honours; and therefore I conceived it right and meet to acquaint you with it; lest in my Absence you might have apprehended, that some Mischance had befallen my Person: therefore I desire you to receive Consolation: and so I bid you heartily farewell. [*Exit.*]

Arb. Given from his Mouth this tenth of *April*.—He put me in a cruel Fright.

Ruth. As I live, I'm all over in such a Dew as hangs about a Still, when 'tis first set a going; but this is better and better: there was never such an Opportunity to break Prison. I know the very Places, the Holes in his Closet where the Composition of your Estate lies, and where the Deeds of my own Estate lie. I have cast my Eye upon them often, when I have gone up to him in Errands, and to call him to Dinner. If I miss, hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go;

Ruth. To a Friend of mine, and of my Father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us; fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our Colonels.

Arb. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the Condition that we are in, make me as ready as thou art: come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand Centinel here; that's the Clo-

E

set-

set-Window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any News of the Enemy. *[Exit.]*

Arb. I warrant thee.—May but this departing Brother have so much string of Life left him, as may tie this expecting *Day* to his Bedside, till we have committed this honest Robbery—Hark! what's that—this Apprehension can make a Noise when there's none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole Covey, and his Seal at Armsbearing a Dog's Leg. *[Above.]*

Arb. Come, make hast then.

Ruth. As I live, here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, to the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a Remembrance to his discreet Wife. Nay, what dost thou think these are? I'll but cast my Eye upon these Papers, that were Schismatically, and lay in separation: what dost think they are?

Arb. I can't tell; nay pr'ythee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the precise Baboon! they are Letters from two Wenches; one for an Increase of Salary to maintain his unlawful Issue; another from a Wench that had more Conscience than he, and refus'd to take the Physick that he prescrib'd to take away a natural Tympany.

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch.

Ruth. Here be abundance more; come, run up, and help me carry 'em. We'll take the whole Index of his Rogueries: we shall be furnish'd with such Arms, offensive and defensive, that we shall never need sue to him for a League. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come.

[Exit.]

Enter Chairmen with Obadiah in the Chair.

1 *Chair.* Come, open this portable Tomb: 'Slife, here's nothing in it; ferrit him or he'll never bolt. It looks as if we had brought a basket Hare, to be set down and hunted.

2 *Chair.* He's dead.

1 *Chair.* Dead drunk, thou mean'st: turn up the Chair, and turn him out, as they do Badgers caught in a Sack: Shake, Man: so now he fallies.

[Obadiah tumbles out of the Chair, and Sings as at the Tavern, some of the Song—then enter Arbella and Ruth from robbing the Closet.]

Arb. What's this? we are undone.

Obad.

Obad. Mr. *Teg*, will you dance, Mr. *Teg*?

Ruth. Put a good Face on't, or give me the Van. O, 'tis *Obadiab* fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'ye hear, honest Friends, was this zealous Gentleman your Freight?

Chair. Yes Mistress: two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken.

Arb. It was our Colonels, that thought *Day* sent him to trap them as sure as can be.

Ruth. No doubt on't, how unmerciful they are, *Arbella*, every minute to do something or other to increase our Whimsie—Are you paid?

Chair. Yes, Mistress.——'Slife, we shall be paid double.

Ruth. Stay; where did you leave the two careful-minded Gentlemen.

Chair. Why do you ask, Mistress?

Ruth. For no hurt. Can't carry us near the Place?

Chair. Yes, Mistress.——Sure there's no danger in Women.

Arb. What dost mean?

Ruth. The same that thou dost: to see 'em, if I can.——Is't near *Temple-Bar*. [*Obadiab sings.*]

Chair. Hard by, Mistress.

Ruth. Come in, there's my Friend lives hard by; fear not, we can never fly so conceal'd—May that Nightingale continue his Note, 'till the Owl *Day* returns to hear him.—Come, honest Fellow, stop over-against the Place where you left the Gentlemen; we have some Business with them; we'll pay you, and they'll thank you: so good Night, Mr. *Day*.

Chair. I warrant you, Mistress. Come along, *Tom*.
[*Exe. all but Obad*]

Obad. Some small Beer, good Mr. *Teg*.

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.

Mr. Day. He made a good End, and departed as unto Sleep.

Mrs. Day. I'll assure you his Wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marry this—half Year.

Mr. Day. He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck, shou'dst be sorry to lose me?

Mrs. Day. Lose you! I warrant you'll live as long as a better thing—Ah, Lord, what's that? [Obadiah sings.

Mr. Day. How now! what's this? how!—Obadiah—
—an' in a drunken Distemper assuredly!

Mrs. Day. O fie upon't! who wou'd have believ'd that we shou'd have liv'd to have seen Obadiah overcome with the Creature?—Where have you been, Sirrah?

Obad. D—d—drinking the Ki—Ki—King's Health.

Mr. Day. O terrible! some Disgrace put upon us, and Shame brought within our Walls; I'll go lock up my Neighbour's Will, and come down and shew him a Reproof.

—How—how—I cannot feel my Keys—nor—
[He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up] hear 'em gingle: didst thou see my Keys, Duck?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no ducks, I see your Keys! see a Fcoi's Head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth coming: You are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your Tail: Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the Door?

Mr. Day. I go, I go, Duck. [Exit.

Mrs. Day. Here, Abel, take up this fallen Creature, who has left his Uprightness; carry him to a Bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed. [He goes to lift him up.

Obad. Stand away, I say, and give me some Sack, that I may drink a Health to the King, and Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain. [Obadiah sings.] Where's Mr. Teg?

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the Door's left open, and all my Writings and Papers stolen: undone, undone! Ruth, Ruth!

Mrs. Day. Why Ruth, I say! Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the Matter, Forsooth? here has been no Thieves: I have not been a Minute out of the House.

Mrs. Day. Where's Ruth, and Mrs. Abella?

Serv. I have not seen them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the Writings of both their Estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, Coxcomb,
we

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, my good Master will not come; that Commit Rogue Day has got him with Men in red Coats, and he is gone to Prison here below this Street; he would not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come tell thee now.

Rath. O my Heart—Tears, by your Leave awhile—
[Wipes her Eyes] D'ye hear, Arbella, here, take all the Trinkets, only the Bait that I'll use; accept of this House, here let me find thee, I'll try my Skill; nay, talk not. [Ex.

C. Bl. Careless in Prison! Pardon me, Madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident; this honest Friend of mine will use you with all Respects 'till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do, Sir?

C. Bl. I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something; you shall have a sudden Account of all Things. You say you dare believe; pray be as good as your Word; and whatever Accident befalls me, know I love you dearly: Why do you weep?

Arb. Do not run yourself into a needless Danger.

C. Bl. How! d'ye weep for me? Pray let me see: Never Woman did so before, that I know of. I am ravish'd with it; the round gaping Earth ne'er suck'd Showers so greedily, as my Heart drinks these: Pray if you love me, be but so good and kind as to confess it.

Arb. Do not ask what you may tell yourself.

C. Bl. I must go; Honour and Friendship call me. Here dear Lieutenant, I never had a Jewel but this; use it as right ones shou'd be used; do not breathe upon it, but gaze as I do,—hold—one Word more; the Soldier that you often talk'd of to me, is he still honest?

Lieu. Most perfectly.

C. Bl. And I may trust him?

Lieu. With your Life.

C. Bl. Enough,—pray let me leave my last Looks fix'd upon you—So, I love you, and am honest. Be careful, good Lieutenant, of this Treasure—she weeps still—I cannot go, and yet I must— [Exit.

Lieu. Madam, pray let my House be honoured with you; be confident of all Respect and Faith.

Arb.

Arb. What Uncertainties pursue my Love and Fortune!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ruth with a Soldier.

Ruth. Come, give me the Bundle; so, now the Habit; 'tis well, there's for your Pains; be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sold. If I fail, may I die in a Ditch, and there lie, and out-stink it. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. Now for my wild Colonel; first, here's a Note, with my Lady Day's Seal to it, for his Release; if that fails (as he that will shoot at these Rascals must have two Strings to his Bow) then here's my Red-Coat's Skin to disguise him, and a String to draw up a Ladder of Cords, which I have prepared against it grows dark; one of them will hit sure. I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out; I have no Patience to expect. Within there—ho—

[*Enter Keeper.*]

Ruth. Have not you a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody, one Colonel Careless?

Keep. Yes, Mistress; and committed by your Father, Mr. Day.

Ruth. I know it; but there was a Mistake in it; here's a Warrant for his Delivery, under his Hand and Seal.

Keep. I wou'd willingly obey it, Mistress; but there's a general Order come from above, that all the King's Party should be kept close, and none releas'd but by the State's Order.

Ruth. This goes ill—May I speak with him, Sir?

Keep. Very freely, Mistress; there's no Order to forbid any to come to him: To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant Gentleman.—I'll call him forth. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. O' my Conscience every Thing must be in Love with him; now for my last Hopes; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes myself.

Enter Keeper and Careless.

C. Car. Mr. Day's Daughter speak with me?

Keep. Ay, Sir, there she is. [*Exit.*]

Ruth. O Sir, does the Name of Mr. Day's Daughter trouble you? you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

C. Car. Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

Ruth.

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we had come back sooner else : you slow Drone, we must be undone for your Dullness.

Obad. Be not in Wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll wrath you, ye Rascal you ; I'll teach you, you drunken Rascal, and you sober dull Man.

Obad. Your Feet are swift and violent ; their Motion will make them fume.

Mrs. Day. D'ye lye too, ye drunken Rascal ?

Mr. Day. Nay Patience, good Duck, and let's lay out for these Women ; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Twas you that left your Keys upon the Table to tempt them : ye need cry, Good Duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken Rascal, ye Booby : when he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up ; I'll have 'em hunted. *[Exeunt Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.]*

Abel. I rejoice yet in the midst of my Sufferings, that my Mistress saw not my Rebukes. Come, *Obadiab*, I pray raise yourself upon your Feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant ? that's the Question.

Abel. Yea.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King ? that's another Question.

Abel. Nay, make not thyself a Scorn.

Obad. Scorn in thy Face ; void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Obad. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my steadfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now—to, softly, softly ; gently, good *Obadiab*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in Drink : So gently, and uprightly, *Obadiab.* *[He moves his Legs, but stands still.]*

Abel. You do not move.

Obad. Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. What, stay all Day ? there's for you, Sir ; you are a sweet Youth to leave in Trust ? along, you drunken Rascals ; I'll set you both forward.

Ob. The Philistines are upon us, and Day is broke loose from Darkness, with keeping has made her fierce. *[She beats 'em off.]*

Mrs. Day. Out, you drunken Rascal : I'll make you move, you Beast.

[Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Bookfel. **C**ome along, Sir; I'll teach you to take Covenants.

Teg. Will you teach me then? did I not take it then? Why will you teach me now?

Bookfel. You shall pay dearly for the Blows you struck me, my wild *Brifelman*; by *St. Patrick*, you shall.

Teg. What have you now to do with *St. Patrick*? he will scorn your Covenant.

Bookfel. I'll put you, Sir, where you shall have worse Liquor than your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber! By my Goship's Hand now you are a Rascal if you do not love Bonny-Clabber, and I will break your Pate if you will not let me go to my Master.

Bookfel. O you are an impudent Rascal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How now!—hold my Friend; whither do you carry my Servant?

Bookfel. I have arrested him, Sir, for striking me, and taking away my Books.

C. Car. What has he taken away?

Bookfel. Nay, the Value of the Thing is not much; 'twas the Covenant, Sir.

Teg. Well I did take the Covenant, and my Master took it from me; and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. Car. Here, honest Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's worth, here, Bailiffs, here's for you to drink.

Bookfel. Well, Sir, you seem an honest Gentleman; for your Sake, and in Hopes of your Custom, I release him.

Bail. Thank ye, noble Sir. [*Ex. Bookf. and Bail.*]

C. Car. Farewel my noble Friends—so—d'ye hear, *Teg*? Pray take no more Covenants.—Have you paid the Money I sent you with?

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Teg. Yes ; but I will carry no more, look you there now.

C. Car. Why, *Teg.*?

Teg. God sa' my Soul now, I shall run away with it.

C. Car. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teg. That I am too upon my Soul now ; but the Devil is not honest, that he is not ; he would not let me alone when I was going ; but he made me go to this little long Place ; and t'other little long Place ; and upon my Soul was carrying me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by a dirty Place like a Lough now ; and therefore I know now it was the Way to *Ireland*: Then I wou'd stand still, and then he wou'd make me go on ; and then I wou'd go to one Side, and he wou'd make me go to t'other Side ; and then I got a little farther, and did run then ; and upon my Soul the Devil could not catch me ; and then I did pay the Money : But I will carry no more Money now that I will not.

C. Car. But thou sha't, *Teg.* when I have more to send ; thou art Proof now against Temptations:

Teg. Well then, if you send me with Money again, and I do not come to thee upon the Time, the Devil will make me be gone then with the Money : Here's a Paper for thee, 'tis a quit Way indeed.

C. Car. That's well said, *Teg.*—

[*Reads.*

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Soldiers.

Obad. See, Sir, Providence hath directed us ; there is one of them that clothed me with Shame, and the most Malignant among the wicked.

Mr. Day. Soldiers, seize him : I charge him with Treason ; here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

1 Sold. Nay, no Resistance now.

C. Car. What's the matter, Rascals ?

Mr. Day. You shall know that to your Cost hereafter ; away with him.

C. Car. *Teg.* tell 'em I shall not come home to Night ; I am engag'd.

Teg. I pr'ythee ben't engag'd.

C. Car. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. Day. That will appear, Sir ;—away with him ;

Teg. What will you do with my Master now ?

Mr. Day,

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Mr. Day. Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

Teg. That I will, for all you now.

C. Car. Teg, come hither.

[*Whisper.*

Teg. Must not I go with you then?

C. Car. No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. Day. Away with him: we will be aveng'd on the Scorner; and I'll go home and tell my Duck this Part of my good Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chairmen with Sedan, Women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right.—Now, honest Fellow, step over, and tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women desire to speak with them.

Enter C. Blunt, and Lieutenant.

Chair. See, Mistress, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's thy Colonel, *Arbella*; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What shou'd I do?

Ruth. Put forth some good Words, as they use to shake Oats, when they go to catch a skittish Jade. Advance.

Arb. Sir.

C. Bl. Lady—'tis she.

Arb. I wish, Sir, that my Friend and I had some Convenience of speaking with you; we now want the Assistance of some noble Friend.

C. Bl. Then I am happy. Bring me but to do something for you; I wou'd have my Actions talk, not I: My Friend will be hear immediately; I dare speak for him too—Pardon my last Confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had staid—

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. Bl. Good over-charged Gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace: can't thou be merry, and we in this Condition?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: If we might withdraw any whither out of Sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the Business.

Lieut. My House, Ladies, is at that Door, where both the Colonels lodge: Pray command it. Colonel *Careless* will immediately be here.

Enter

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you: But what Luck this is, that *Day's* Daughter shou'd ever be with her, to spoil all!

C. Car. Not a whit, one Way; I have a pretty Room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what?

C. Car. For you and I to give Counter-security for our Kindness to one another.

Ruth. But Mr. *Day's* Daughter will be there too.

C. Car. 'Tis dark, we'll ne'er see her.

Ruth. You care not who you are wicked with; methinks a Prison shou'd tame you.

C. Car. Why, d'ye think a Prison takes away Blood and Sight? as long as I am so qualify'd, I am Touchwood, and whenever you bring Fire, I shall fall a burning.

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. Car. And you shall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a Coal, black as dishonest Love.

C. Car. Is this your Business? Did you come to disturb my Contemplations with a Sermon? Is this all?

Ruth. One Thing more: I love you, it's true; but I love you honestly, if you know how to love me virtuously. I'll free you from Prison, and run all Fortunes with you.

C. Car. Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of Ways; if I cou'd not, Freedom were no Bait; were it from Death. I shou'd despise your Offer, to bargain for a Lye.—But—

Ruth. Oh noble—but what?

C. Car. The Name of that Rascal that got thee; yet I lye too, he ne'er got a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother was as unlucky to bear thee: But how shall we save that? take but these Incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy Smock; but to have such a Flaw in my Title.

Ruth. Can I help Nature?

C. Car. Or I Honour? Why, hark you now, do but swear me into a Pretence, do but betray me with an Oath, that thou wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*, my Father's Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that;

C. Car. Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day*, that now is.

Ruth.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I swear?

C. Car. Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear then by all that's Good, I am not their Daughter.

C. Car. Poor kind perjur'd Pretty One, I am beholden to thee; woud'st damn thyself for me?

Ruth. You are mistaken: I have try'd you fully; you are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to virtuous Principles: My Name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, and Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*; one perhaps that you have heard of, since in the World he has still had so loud and fair a Character: 'tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Estate, into his Power, and made me pass for his own Daughter, my Father dying when I was but two Years old. This I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an ancient Servant of my Father's. But two Hours since *Arbella* and I found an Opportunity of stealing away all the Writings that belong'd to my Estate, and her Composition: In our Flight we met your Friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had Intelligence of your Misfortune, to try to get your Liberty; which if I can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

C. Car. Thou more than——

Ruth. No, no, no Raptures at this time; here's your Disguise purchas'd from a true-hearted Red-Coat: here's a Bundle; let this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a Ladder of Ropes; if the Ladder of Ropes be done sooner, I'll send them by a Soldier that I dare trust; and you may. Your Window's large enough. As soon as you receive it, come down; if not, when 'tis dusk, let down your Line, and at the Bottom of the Window you shall find yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. Car. I'll leap into thy Arms——

Ruth. So you may break your Neck: If you do, I'll jump too. But Time steals on our Words; observe all I have told you: So farewell——

C. Car. Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, let us not part with dry Lips.—One Kiss.

Ruth. Not a bit of me, till I am all Yours.

C. Car.

C. Car. Your Hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor Compounder.

Ruth. Pish, there's a dirty Glove upon't.—

C. Car. Give me but any naked Part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail creeps, and leave Sign where my Lips slid along.—

Ruth. Good Snail, get out of your Hole first, think of your business. So fare.—

C. Car. Nay, pr'ythee be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid I am a Man; but I am as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam* Father Day, if I cou'd not cry, to leave thee a brace of Minutes.

Ruth. Away; we grow foolish—farewel—yet be careful—nay, go in.

C. Car. Do you go first.

Ruth. Nay, fie, go in.

C. Car. We'll fairly then divide the Victory, and draw off together.—So—I will have the last Look.

[*Exeunt severally, looking at one another.*]

Enter C. Blunt, and Soldier.

C. Bl. No more Words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest. I may live to thank thee better.

Sol. I scorn any Encouragement to love my King, or those that serve him. I took Pay under these People, with a design to do him Service; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. Bl. He has told me so: no more Words: thou art a noble Fellow: Thou art sure his Window's large enough?

Sol. Fear it not.

C. Bl. Here then, carry him this Ladder of Ropes: So; now give me the Coat; say not a Word to him, but bid him dispatch when he sees the Coast clear; he shall be waited for at the Bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too, if he desires it.

Sol. I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your Place.

[*Exit.*]

C. Bl. I warrant ye.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every Thing then? By my Shoul now, yonder is the Man with the hard Name; that Man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. Jay's Rascal; he is coming along there behind now upon my Shoul that he is.

C. *Bl.* The Rascal comes for some mischief. *Teg*, now or never play the Man.

Teg. How shou'd I be a Man then?

C. *Bl.* Thy Master is never to be got out, if this Rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teg*, in the most winning Manner thou canst, and make him once more Drunk, and it shall be call'd the second Edition of *Obadiab*, put forth with *Irish* Notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee.—

Teg. I will carry him upon my Back-side, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will, for my Sweet Master now, that I will.

C. *Bl.* Dispatch, good *Teg*; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Story's*, there shall be the general Rendezvouz: Now, or never, *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you I will get Drink into his Pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: He shall not come after you now.

C. *Bl.* Good luck go with thee: The Fellow's faithful and stout; that Fear's over: Now to my Station. [Ex.

C. *Careless as in Prison.*

C. *Car.* The time's almost come: how slow it flutters? My desires are better wing'd: How I long to counterfeit a Faintness when I come to the Bottom, and sink into the Arms of this dear witty Fair!—Ha, who's this?

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, fasten it to your Window, and descend: you shall be waited for.

C. *Car.* The careful Creature has sent it—but d'ye hear Sir, cou'd you not spare that Implement by your Side? it might serve to keep off small Curs.

Sol. You'll have no need on't, but there it is; make haste, the Coast is clear. [Exit.

C. *Car.* O this pretty she Captain General over my Soul and Body; the Thought of her musters every Faculty I have: She has sent the Ropes, and stays for me; no Dancer of the Ropes ever slid down with that Swiftmess (or Desire of Haste) that I will make to thee. [Exit.

Enter Blunt in his Soldier's Coat.

Bl. All's quiet, and the Coast clear; so far it goes well;

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well ; that is the Window ; in this Nook I'll stand, 'till I see him coming down. [Steps in.]

C. Careless above in his Soldier's Habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes, and speaks.

C. Car. I cannot see my North Star that I must sail by ; 'tis clouded : perhaps she stands close in some Corner ; I'll not trifle Time : all's clear, Fortune, forbear thy Tricks, but for this small Occasion.

Enter Blunt.

C. Bl. What's this ! a Soldier in the Place of *Careless* ? I am betray'd, but I'll end this Rascal's Duty.

C. Car. How, a Soldier !—betray'd ! this Rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. Bl. Dog.

C. Car. How, *Blunt* ?

C. Bl. Careless ?

C. Car. You guess shrewdly ; plague, what Contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another ?

C. Bl. How the Devil got you a Soldier's Habit ?

C. Car. The same Friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you. This kind Gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is ; I was just ready to be suspicious.

Enter Ruth with a Ladder of Ropes.

Ruth. Who's there ?

C. Car. Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my Heart is at my Mouth.

C. Car. Pr'ythee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiss it. What have you in your Lap ?

Ruth. The Ladder of Ropes : How a God's Name got you hither ?

C. Car. Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

C. Bl. Then the Mistake is plainer ; 'twas I that sent the Soldier with the Ropes.

Ruth. What an Escape was this ! come let's lose no Time ; here's no Place to explain Matters in.

C. Car. I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me ; put on your plainest Garb ; not like a Dancing Master, with your Toes out. Come along.

[*Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes.*] Hang down your Head as if you wanted Pay. So. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. Day. Are you sure of this, Neighbour *Chat*?

Mrs. Chat. I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a Nose to my Face.

Mrs. Day. Is my—

Mr. Day. Ay! is my—

Mrs. Day. You may give one leave, methinks, to ask out one Question. Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. Chat. She was not, when I saw *Mrs. Arbella* last. I have not been so often at your Honour's House, but that I know *Mrs. Arbella*, the rich Heiress, that *Mr. Abel* was to have had, good Gentleman, if he has his Due: They never suspected me; for I us'd to buy things of my Neighbour *Story*, before she married the Lieutenant; and stepping in to see *Mrs. Story* that now is, my Neighbour *Wishwell* that was: I saw, as I told you, this very *Mrs. Arbella*; and I warrant *Mrs. Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. Day. Let me advise then, Husband.

Mr. Day. Do, good Duck; I'll warrant'em.—

Mrs. Day. You'll warrant when I have done the Business.

Mr. Day. I mean so, Duck.

Mrs. Day. Well! pray spare your Meaning too: First then we'll go ourselves in Person to this *Story's* House, and in the mean time send *Abel* for Soldiers; and when he has brought the Soldiers, let them stay at the Door, and come up himself; and then if fair Means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. Day. Excellent well advised, sweet Duck: Ah! let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and observe thy Mother's Directions. Remember the Place. We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their Tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs. Day. Come along, Neighbour, and shew us the best Way; and by and by we shall have News from *Obadiah*, who is gone to give the t'other Colonel's Goaler a double Charge, to keep the wild Youth close. Come, Husband, let's hasten. *Mrs. Chat*, the State shall know what good Service you have done.

Mrs. Chat. I thank your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

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Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.

Lieu. Pray, Madam, weep no more! spare your Tears till you know they have miscarried.

Arb. 'Tis a Woman, Sir, that weeps! we want Mens Reasons, and their Courage to practise with.

Lieu. Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected Joys!

Enter Ruth, C. Careless, and C. Blunt.

Arb. Oh, my dear Friend! my dear, dear *Ruth*!

C. Car. Pray, none of these phlegmatick Hugs; there, take your Colonel; my Captain and I can hug afresh every Minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good Soldier?

C. Car. I have done nothing but hug thee in Fancy, ever since you *Ruth* turn'd *Annice*.

Arb. You are welcome, Sir: I cannot deny I shar'd in all your Danger.

Lieu. If she had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. Bl. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

Arb. Now can't I say I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too.

Ruth. Keep't in and choak yourself, or get the Rising of the Lights.

Arb. What shall I say?

Ruth. Say something or he'll vanish.

C. Bl. D'ye not believe I love you? or can't you love me? Not a Word.—Cou'd you—but—

Arb. No more; I'll save you the Labour of Courtship, which shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest Natures: It is enough; I know you love me.

C. Bl. Or may I perissi, whilst I am swearing it.

Enter Prentice.

Lieu. How now, *Jack*?

Boy. O Master undone! Here's Mr. *Day* the Committeeman, and his fierce Wife, come into the Shop: Mrs. *Chat* brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. *Arbella* and their Daughter *Ruth*, is here: Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

Lieu. Go down Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em.
[Exit Boy.]

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This pure Jade, my Neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what shall I do? I warrant, the Rascal has Soldiers at his Heels: I think I cou'd help the Colonels out at a back-Door.

C. Bl. I'd die rather by my *Arbella*; now you shall see I love you.

C. Car. Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.

Ruth. Come, be chearful; I'll defend you all against the Assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-General *Day*, his new drawn-up Wife. Give me my Ammunition, the Papers, Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more Graves but one.

C. Bl. 'Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

Ruth. Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant. [*Ex. Lieu.*] Stand you all drawn up as my Reserve—so—I for the forlorn Hope.

C. Car. That we had *Teg* here, to quarrel with the Female triumphing *Day*, whilst I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window. Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the she *Day* Stamp, among the Tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come, Wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a Volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first Charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

C. Car. Wou'd 'twere his Neck were broke.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. Day. Ah ha! my fine Runaways, have I found you? What, you think my Husband's Honour lives without Intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. Day. My Duck tells you how 'tis—We——

Mrs. Day. Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in Intelligence; else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation quiet; but if you, *Mrs. Arbella*, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth. Anne, if you please.

Mrs. Day. Who gave you that Name, pray?

Ruth. My Godfathers and Godmothers in Baptism; on, Forsooth, I can answer a Leaf farther.

Mr. Day. Duck, good Duck, a Word; I do not like this Name, *Annice*.

Mrs. Day. You are ever in a Fright, with a shrivell'd Heart of your own. —Well, Gentleswoman, you are merry. *Arb.*

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Arb. As newly come out of your Wardships : I hope Mr. *Abel* is well.

Mrs. Day. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; Yes, you shall see him.

C. Car. That is, with *Myrmidons* : Come, good *Anne*, no more Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his Red-Coats, who perhaps are now marching under the Conduct of that expert Captain in weighty Matters; know the Articles of our Treaty are only these: This *Arbella* will keep her Estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman; and I *Ann* Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, and not *Ruth*, as has been thought, have taken my own Estate, together with this Gentleman, for better for worse : we were modest, though Thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. Day. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my Husband can prove; it may cost you your Necks, if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. Day. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one Word in private with my Father *Day*?

Mrs. Day. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, Sir; how long is't since you have practis'd Physick?

[*Takes him aside.*]

Mr. Day. Physick! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean Physick; look ye, here's a small Prescription of yours: d'ye know this Hand-writing?

Mr. Day. I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same Subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing Dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your Wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more Conscience than you have.

Mr. Day. Peace, good Mrs. *Anne*: I am undone, if you betray me.

Enter Abel, goes to his Father.

Abel. The Soldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. Day,

80 *The COMMITTEE: Or,*

Mrs. Day. Are the Soldiers come, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your Opinion, Duck; but since they have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends.

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your *ifs* again; d'you think they shall make a Fool of me, though they make an Ass of you? Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit; call up the Soldiers, *Abel*.

Ruth. Why, your fierce Honour shall know the Business that makes the wife *Mr. Day* inclinable to Friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Sweet-heart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your Credit and Reputation upon my Council and Labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe all to thy Wisdom. Good Gentlemen, persuade my Duck, that we may be all Friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the Husband of thy Bosom? 'twas but a small start of Frailty: say it were a Wench or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have Sport. [*Aside*:

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. A Wench! was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the Soldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car. Stay, good *Abel*; march not off so hastily.

Arb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover, you are in Bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, *Mrs. Day*, be not so furious, hold your Peace; you may divulge your Husband's Shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of Authority, nay and have him try'd for his Life: read this. Remember too I know of your Bribery and Cheating, and something else: you guess: Be Friends, and forgive one another. Here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, to bestow Preferment upon *Mr. Day*, if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozened your Brother Cheats; in which he was to remember his Service to you. I believe 'twas your Indicting: You are,

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are the Committee-man. 'Tis your best Way (nay, never demur) to kiss and be Friends. Now if you can contrive handsomely to cozen those that cozen all the World, and get these Gentlemen to come by their Estates easily, and without taking the Covenant, the old Sum of five hundred Pound, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, Mrs. Arbella, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my Heart.

Ruth. Brother Abel, the Bird is flown; but you shall be released from your Bonds.

Abel. I bear my Afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg leading Obadiah in a Halter, and a Musician.

Teg. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. Tay? Well, I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will.

C. Car. No, good Teg, there's no need of thy Message now; but why dost thou lead Obadiah thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you here Mrs. Tay, here's your Man Obadiah, do you see that now? He would not let me make him drunk; no more that he would not; so, I did take him in this String, and I did tell him, if he did make Noises, I would put this Knife into him, that I would upon my Soul.

C. Bl. Honest Teg, thy Master is beholden to thee in some measure for his Liberty.

C. Car. Teg, I shall requite thy Honesty.

Teg. Well, shall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now; who would not be drunk, that he would not.

Obad. I do beseech you, Gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

C. Car. No: poor Teg, 'tis enough; we are all Friends; come, let him go.

Teg. Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King, or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Soul. Well, look you here now, here is the Man that sung you the Song, that he is; I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither and sing for the King, that I did.

C. Car. D'ye hear, my Friend, is any of your Companions with you?

Mus. Yes, Sir.

C. Car.

82 *The COMMITTEE, &c.*

C. Car. As I live, we'll all dance; it shall be the Celebration of our Weddings: Nay, *Mr. Day*, as we hope to continue Friends, you and your Duck shall trip it too.

Teg. Ay by my Soul will we; *Obadiab* shall be my Woman too, and you shall dance for the King, that you shall.

C. Car. Go, and strike up then: no chiding now, *Mrs. Day*; come, you must not be refractory for once.

Mrs. Day. Well, Husband, since these Gentlemen will have it so, and that they may perceive we are Friends, Dance.

C. Bl. Now, *Mr. Day*, to your business; get it done as soon as you will, the five hundred Pound shall be ready.

C. Car. So, well done, Friends; thanks, honest *Teg*; thou shalt flourish in a new Livery for this. Now, *Mrs. Annice*, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, *Mr. Day*,

If you will have good luck in every thing,

Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

BUT now the greatest Thing is left to do,
 More just Committee, to Compound with you;
 For, 'till your equal Censures shall be known,
 The Poet's under Sequestration:
 He has no Title to his small Estate
 Of Wit, unless you please to set the Rate:
 Accept this half Year's Purchase of his Wit,
 For in the compass of that Time 'twas Writ:
 Not that this is enough; he'll pay you more;
 If you your selves believe him not too poor:
 For 'tis your Judgments give him Wealth; in this,
 He's just as rich as you believe he is.

Wou'd all Committees cou'd have done like you,
 Made Men more rich, and by their Payments too.

F I N I S.



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